WITH OUR READERS

One Southern Viewpoint

To the Editor: *Carrizo Springs, Texas*

SIR—It is a well known fact that there are millions of "true to type" southern people who regret the recent lynching affair in Missouri, and who disapprove of mob activities which flare up occasionally in most any state of the Union. On the "Trend of Events" page of your January 28th issue you describe that particular mob as "typical low class southern idea of justice . . . . They merely ran true to type . . . . the sheriff too ran true to type . . . . They acted in typical southern manner, etc. . . . . " The thousands of readers of your journal who live in the South just wonder how you would brand, or as true to what type you would define, i. e.: the mob violence as was inflicted upon southern negroes when temporarily employed in East St. Louis, Illinois, less than twenty years ago—merely on account of labor grievances; the mobs of Kluxers and other political gangs flaring up periodically at Herrin, in Williamson County, Illinois, during recent years; the organized mobs of political and underworld gangs which have made the fair name of Chicago a disgrace to our country; the systematically organized mobs of "law-enforcement" officers and jurists who have during the past fifteen years (in gang-fashion) been duping many poor and pure women in New York City out of millions of dollars, and penalizing and branding as public prostitutes those who were unable to kick-in the ransom assessed against them, and lastly, those eighty citizens who, with malice aforethought, abducted the twenty-two year old Charles Bannon from the Schafer jail in North Dakota, and attended to him with a lynching party hardly a week ago—Yes, all of these are true to what type?

Get that southern petty-prejudice out of your system, for there is no state in the country immune from the treachery of its extremists, especially when acting under heat of excitement. Our one consolation is that when our radicals rise up in mob violence, it is in demonstration of protection to the womanhood of our land and intended to deter others from raping and murdering our women and girls, and not due to labor disputes or with mercenary motives. Every section of the country has its high average of enlightened citizenship who abhor any sort of gang violence, as well as its high-strung element who resort to mob tactics.

A. WILDENTHAL.

And Another

To the Editor: *Fort Sam Houston, Texas*

SIR—Please inform the author of the article "Missouri Mob Murder," that I think he, her, they or you, whoever wrote it, is lower class than any negro that ever was burned and that the same thing should happen to the author.

ORVILLE L. BURNS.

Benefits of Birth Control

To the Editor: *New Haven*

SIR—I read with great interest of the Pope's Encyclical Letter in which he exhorts his flock to eschew the evils of birth control. Such medievalism in this day and age sets one to pondering. For this

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An American Workman in Russia, By Lement Harris.

The inside story of the new factory and farm system, as seen by an intelligent foreigner.

George Washington Picture Mills, By Harry Lorin Binsse.

How fake portraits of the First President are manufactured and sold at high prices as early Americana.

Color in Foreign News, By Carleton Beals.

A correspondent tells how propaganda leaks into our dispatches from abroad.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, February 18, 1931. Volume 157. Number 7. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

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ANOTHER EFFECT OF THE CALIFORNIA CLIMATE

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

February 18, 1931

The Trend of Events

Court Martial Cancelled

IT IS probably just as well that the court martial ordered for General Smedley D. Butler has been cancelled. No one has much patience with the General's outbursts, and, when his speech in Philadelphia led the nation into apologies to Italy, most Americans were willing to have him spanked or stood in the corner. A formal court martial followed by severe punishment would not, however, have had the support of public opinion, particularly since the target of General Butler's remarks was Mussolini, whose own indiscreet remarks have several times been the wonder and despair of the world. There is little doubt that what the nation looked forward to more than anything else in the proposed court martial was a round of charges against Mussolini himself.

These considerations doubtless influenced Secretary Adams to open the conferences which led to the withdrawal of the court martial orders, a reprimand from the Navy Department and an apology from General Butler for causing embarrassment to the government. Not that Secretary Adams admitted that the trial was abandoned for fear it might prove unpopular or might lead the United States into additional difficulties with Mussolini. What the Secretary did was to base the withdrawal of court martial orders upon a letter from General Butler explaining that when he spoke in Philadelphia he understood that his remarks were to be confined within the four walls of the Contemporary Club. The Navy Department may or may not have had this information at the time the court martial was ordered. The point is, Secretary Adams needed a way out of a bad hole and that was the way he found one.

The Secretary expects that the incident will have a quieting effect on General Butler's athletic tongue. Is it too much to hope that it will have a similar effect on the tongue of a certain talkative gentleman in Rome?

Five Flexes

EIGHT months after the passage of the Hawley-Smoot tariff law, with its 887 increased rates, the far-famed flexible provision begins to flex. Under the flexible provision, it will be recalled, the President was empowered to raise or lower duties on specific products up to fifty per cent on recommendation of the Tariff Commission. This was supposed to be the tariff law's saving grace. Most defenders of the law admitted its faults but argued that the Tariff Commission would soon remove them by making the quick, wholesale and drastic rate reductions which were permitted by the flexible provision.

The commission, however, despite any contrary impression you may have received from the headlines, has still to do anything important. It is true that, early in February, it recommended five rate changes, which President Hoover approved and which will soon go into effect. The commission investigated seven products. It found the rates on ultramarine blue and wood floor coverings satisfactory as they stand. It advised that the rate on one much-used product, wire fencing, be sharply increased. Finally, it reduced the rates on wood flour, pigskin leather, straw hats and maple sugar. But of the four rates reduced only one, that on wood flour—no, we had never heard of it before either—was reduced below the rates of the Fordney-McCumber law, displaced by the Hawley-Smoot law last June; only that one will henceforth be lower than it was a year ago. The commission will have to do considerably better than that if it wishes to have itself taken seriously.

Are Eggs Edible?

ON FEBRUARY 8 the Associated Press sent out the following dispatch from Turlock, California: "Rotary and Exchange club men Friday will egg each other on with a view to reducing the present large surplus of prospective omelets in this vicinity and stabilizing the poultry industry. Clad in armor and carrying baskets of eggs the club members will hurl the missiles at each other until about one hundred cases of eggs are only a fragrant memory. The winning club will challenge service club teams of Modesto, Merced and other towns. The events will be sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce."

An interesting story. We don't know when we have been so absorbed by a news account since the last time we read of the hunger-stricken sufferers in Arkansas.

New Model Universe

WHATEVER HIS DETRACTORS—and not many of them are scientists—may say about Albert Einstein, he is not afraid to discard a corner of the Einstein theory when new circumstances seem to call for it. More than once he has said that a contrary result in a single experiment would make him scrap the relativity theory in toto. Now—as he recently indicated in California—he has scrapped a universe and found a new model. "Space," he says, "never can be anything similar to the old symmetrical spherical space theory." This, of course, is a case of scrapping, not the whole Einstein theory, but only a small part of it—like tearing a wing off a house to build a more modern wing.

According to Einstein's former theory of cosmology, the universe as a whole was built on a spherical model and had to be finite for that reason. This is where the famous "bent space" concept

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entered in, Einstein's cosmology being based on the premise that a universe having no matter in it would be infinite, but that the presence of matter bends it or curls it up into a finite sphere—the more matter the more the bend and the smaller the universe.

Recent evidence of an experimental nature studied by Dr. Einstein—evidence obtained directly through the use of a telescope—seems to show that the universe is not static but must be expanding to double its diameter about every two billion years, and in science, when experimental evidence clashes with the product of reasoning unguided by experimental test, the former always wins. Dr. Einstein says that he has not worked out his new theory of cosmology. It is there, in some new equations, but it remains to be mined out.

▶▶Mr. Stimson's Defense

THE policy of the United States toward Latin-America has been so tangled and contradictory since President Monroe's message of 1823 that hardly a Secretary of State has failed to devote a statement to it. It was especially desirable that Secretary Stimson clarify and defend his policy, for successful revolutions in six Latin-American nations during 1930 had drawn the United States into embarrassing situations and occasioned no little criticism of the State Department. In his speech on February 6 before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, Mr. Stimson discussed the two major issues which had arisen in revolutions below the Rio Grande—i. e., shipment of arms from this country to the rebels and recognition of governments set up by them.

For several years the United States has employed distinctly opposite policies when recognition has been sought by revolutionary governments in Latin-America—one applicable to Latin-American countries in general, the other to the five Central-American republics whose treaty proscribing recognition of a revolutionary government is endorsed by the United States. Except in relation to these five nations Mr. Stimson's policy has been to extend recognition to any revolt-born government which promises to fulfill normal international obligations. Making much of the change in this policy from that of President Wilson, who refused to recognize a Mexican government set up by revolution, Mr. Stimson found it politically expedient to ignore similar steps taken by Presidents Harding and Coolidge. Yet, for all that, Mr. Stimson has hit the right track in promptly recognizing new governments regardless of how they come into power. That is the policy outlined by Jefferson, followed generally until 1913, favored by international law and most advantageous to our friendly relations with and trade in Latin-America.

Our policy toward the five Central-American republics is more questionable, though blessed by a treaty. Whatever its advantages in preserving order in this region—which, says Mr. Stimson, is "vital to our defense, not to say our prosperity"—the anti-recognition policy

Wide World

FOR THE DEFENSE
Secretary of State Stimson champions his policies toward Latin-America

arouses the antagonism of Central-American rebels, constitutes interference from Washington and makes for distrust in all Latin-America. Though it can hardly be challenged on legal grounds, it can readily be challenged, and may some day be changed, on grounds of expediency.

▶▶Our Embargo Policy

MR. STIMSON inherited from other administrations the policy governing the shipment of arms to revolutionary troops in Latin-America. This policy was initiated in 1912 by a joint resolution of Congress and extended in 1922 by another resolution which still left the power of declaring an embargo on arms shipments to the discretion of the President, where it is today. The color of the situation was somewhat changed in 1928 when the United States signed a treaty with twenty Latin-American republics wherein each agreed that arms shipments to rebels should be forbidden "while the belligerency of the rebels has not been recognized," but that when the belligerency of the rebels has been recognized "the rules of neutrality shall be applied."

Mr. Stimson moved within the provisions of this treaty when he declared an embargo last October 22 against arms shipments to Brazilian revolutionaries. Nevertheless, the embargo proved to be a mistake. Within two days the Brazilian government Mr. Stimson sought to comfort had been overthrown and the rebels were on their way into office, subsequently to be recognized by our State Department. Mr. Stimson now maintains that the 1928 treaty "made it compulsory for us to act as we did in placing this embargo." How did it? The treaty clearly left the United States the choice of either declaring an embargo or recognizing the belligerency of the revolutionaries. Once their belligerency was recognized the United States would have become a neutral (as England was in our own Civil War) with the duty of impartiality and without the right of declaring an embargo against the revolutionary forces alone.

Had Mr. Stimson recognized the belligerency of the Brazilian rebels and then treated rebels and federals alike, the United States would have escaped an embarrassing situation and gained rather than lost favor in Brazil. No case could have more clearly revealed that the embargo is a two-edged sword. One edge is apt to injure Latin-American revolutionaries, the other to injure the United States whenever the revolutionaries prove strong enough to win despite the embargo. Blame for the Brazilian blunder probably rests upon those who supplied Mr. Stimson with inaccurate information as to the strength of the rebels. For proper application of the embargo policy the State Department must have highly competent diplomatic and consular staffs in Latin-America and expert advice from its Latin-American division in Washington. However sound the embargo policy may be as a preventive of unnecessary disorder and bloodshed, it is dangerous to the United States unless shrewdly administered in the light of the actual facts.

▶▶History of Relief Bills

TWO MONTHS of bickering in Washington preceded and confused the compromise ultimately reached on federal aid

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to drought-stricken farmers. In December the Senate held that President Hoover had been niggardly in asking for a 30 million dollar appropriation to be loaned to farmers for the purchase of fertilizer, seed and feed for their livestock. Increasing his figure to 60 millions and seeking to make the loans applicable to food not only for livestock but for the farmers themselves, the Senate ran head-on into the Administration-controlled House. Eventually the House accepted a 45 million dollar measure without a food provision.

During the Christmas holidays Senator Robinson of Arkansas surveyed the drought areas and announced that neither the government fund nor the direct aid of the Red Cross provided adequate relief. With his position dramatized and supported by several food riots in Arkansas, Mr. Robinson secured the Senate's approval of a measure supplementing the 45 millions for livestock-food loans with 15 millions for human-food loans. The Administration-controlled House defeated this amendment also, but the forces behind government relief were so strong and the need was obviously so great that Red Cross officials renounced their four-day-old claim of having sufficient funds and started a drive to raise 10 million dollars by private subscription.

Mr. Robinson had yielded for a moment, allowed the 45 million dollar appropriation to receive Mr. Hoover's approval, and then demanded that 25 million dollars be appropriated for food to be given farmers and unemployed alike through the Red Cross. When the Senate passed the Robinson measure Red Cross officials brought about its defeat in the House by declaring that their organization would not distribute government funds. Thereupon Mr. Robinson issued the ultimatum of the Senate Democrats declaring that unless Congress passed the 25 million dollar relief appropriation and five other relief measures they would force an extra session. The impending deadlock was tightened on February 3 when Mr. Hoover issued a lengthy statement opposing the Democratic program. However, with both parties fearing an extra session, Democrats and Republican leaders of the Senate reached an agreement within forty-eight hours and within forty-eight more secured Mr. Hoover's approval. Whatever else may be said for the compromise, it quieted a bitter inter-party fight which promised to hamstring Congress without helping the sufferers.

▶▶*Robinson's Victory*

THE DROUGHT RELIEF compromise gave Senator Robinson essentially what he sought in the first place. He asked originally for 15 million dollars, and in time he got 20 million dollars, to be loaned to farmers for the purchase of food for their families. At least that was the assurance given Mr. Robinson when the compromise was made, though the agreement specified that the loans were to be for crop production and "for further agricultural rehabilitation." Few could have doubted that this meant loans for the purchase of human food

Keystone

PRINCELY PARTNER
Miss Eleanor Nichols, who danced into the headlines with Edward Albert

once Senator Watson explained that "You cannot rehabilitate farms with dead farmers." Fewer could have doubted it once Secretary of Agriculture Hyde outlined how he would administer the 20 million dollars.

Mr. Hyde explains that the fund will be used to strengthen existing agricultural credit corporations as well as to set up new ones and to provide other emergency loans "to answer the need of all those who can offer security." Thus the small farmer and the landlord, who have security, will be able to borrow money to buy food for themselves and their crop-sharers and tenants, while those without security will be obliged to seek aid from the Red Cross. Mr. Hyde declares that the loans will not compromise Mr. Hoover's original position against "doles or direct charity, or any implication thereof."

It is a meaningless point. The Administration could have dealt with the 15 million dollar fund originally proposed by Mr. Robinson exactly as it will deal with the present 20 million dollar fund. Moreover, the original proposal for food loans supplemented that approved by Mr. Hoover for 45 million to be loaned to farmers to buy feed for their livestock. If adequate security is required for the livestock loans, then adequate security would have been required for Mr. Robinson's original food loans. If adequate security is not required for the livestock loans, then Mr. Hoover has repudiated his own position against "doles or direct charity, or any implication thereof." For all his talk of principle, Mr. Hyde's remarks merely emphasize the practical victory Mr. Robinson won over Mr. Hoover.

▶▶*Enviable Both*

MISS ELEANOR NICHOLS, daughter of the officer in charge of the Balboa Naval Radio station, is an enviable young woman. Within twenty-four hours she has lived life to the full and written her memoirs. At a dance given in his honor at the Union Club in Panama City, the Prince of Wales danced only with Miss Nichols. Danced all evening with her, according to reports cabled to the newspapers, chalking up a new triumph for American womanhood and emphasizing the romantic possibilities of tropical moonlight and dreamy Spanish music. Danced only two dances, according to Miss Nichols' own account, written for the North American Newspaper Alliance. It does not matter. She has gone down as the girl who "charmed" the Prince of Wales, has been besieged with flattering attentions and roused from her bed by a cablegram from the London *Times* asking for her picture. She joins that interesting group of women, many of them comfortable matrons with children by now, who have danced with Edward Albert and may forever reminisce. The sudden publicity has upset her and injured her golf game, she tells us. But, at that, it must have been worth it.

While the women of the world are envying Miss Nichols, many men who are increasing in years rather than in energy are probably envying the Prince. He arrived, by the lady's account, after midnight at the dance given in his honor. He chose or had chosen for him a dancing partner, and, again according

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to Miss Nichols, "at the conclusion of the second dance offered his apologies and said he was forced to return to the ship." So little effort—so charmingly little effort—yet he could be sure that in the next day's papers he would be reported as swept off his feet by the young lady, as impetuously disregarding all others to dance the night away with her alone and, in general, as a devil of a fellow doing all the romantic and unpredictable things which the world expects of its favorite bachelor.

▶▶*Young "Not a Candidate"*

IT IS EIGHTY YEARS since Henry Clay held that it is better to be right than President, but most Americans still question it. Most of them would rather be President than anything else, even if it involved being wrong. Hence many a reader rubbed his eyes as he noted Owen D. Young's recent statement to Washington newspapermen.

"You are doing your best to keep me from being nominated, I see," he said to one group. "I hope you keep it up, as you are doing me a favor." To another group he said: "I am not in politics and any one who prevents me from receiving the nomination for President will be doing me a favor. Not that I think that I am in the least danger. I am not a candidate."

Political-minded Washington promptly concluded from these statements, as from Mr. Young's unwillingness to make or expand them, that Mr. Young is a candidate clear through. Washington takes a wholly cynical attitude toward possible presidential candidates, particularly when they use the antique formula, "I am not a candidate," which is generally supposed to be read with the "not" omitted. Be it granted that the cynicism is usually justified.

Nevertheless, many readers outside Washington detected, or thought they detected, a ring of sincerity in Mr. Young's remarks and asked themselves whether they were face to face with a miracle. Would Mr. Young genuinely prefer not to receive the Democratic nomination for President? Unthinkable! Yet there is his statement, and some people take it at its face value. For our part, we don't, quite. Doubtless Mr. Young is more sincere than most candidates who say they aren't candidates. Still, we suspect that if the nomination came to him he would receive it with rather greater cordiality than ordinary politeness demands.

▶▶*Young on Bank Failures*

MR. YOUNG was at his best in presenting the case for increased federal control of our banks to a sub-committee of the Senate's Banking and Currency Committee. The sub-committee's investigation was authorized last year by Congress and has been headed by Senator Glass. Pointing toward the problem of 6,000 bank failures during the past decade and the question of how considerably our elastic credit and currency system encouraged speculation ending in the 1929 crash, the inquiry found an able witness in Mr. Young, who discussed the latter problem and advanced a program for meeting the former.

Underwood

ANOTHER CHOOSER
Owen D. Young, who maintains he is not a candidate for president

Mr. Young started on the fundamental that no thought of service to borrowers should be permitted to threaten the safety and security of depositors. He maintained that the security of depositors was being impaired by the tendency to liberalize banking laws and weaken their administration so as to enable banks to offer borrowers greater service. This tendency, he declared, was the result of competition arising from our system wherein banks are chartered both by the nation and the forty-eight states, "each endeavoring to offer the most attractive charters and the most liberal laws, to say nothing of the liberality of administrative officials in interpreting the law." To eliminate this competition and to square the law with the fact that many of our banks have become national in character, he proposed that all banks of deposit (as distinguished from savings banks) be national banks, operating under federal laws, examined and controlled by federal authority, with their reserves mobilized in the Federal Reserve System.

A political realist, Mr. Young recognized that there was no hope for immediate enactment of this program, that there were 17,000 state banks and but 7,000 national banks, that the states would not readily surrender their right to grant bank charters and that the state banks would not voluntarily reincorporate themselves as national banks. "The practical question," he said, "is, therefore, what, if anything, can we or should we do now?" He believed it desirable that all banks of deposit claiming to do a national or international business be required to become members of the Federal Reserve System and that the examining powers of the system should be clarified, extended to include examination of security companies affiliated with banks and enlarged to proscribe bank practices inimical to the safety of depositors. This would minimize bank failures and mean, Mr. Young said, that the words "Member of the Federal Reserve System" on a bank's window would imply some such responsibility on the Federal Reserve System as the public now incorrectly takes for granted.

However other witnesses may react to Mr. Young's major proposals, this last observation deserves immediate attention. With nearly a thousand national banks failing during the last decade, it is high time either to put more responsibility upon the Federal Reserve System or to remove the public delusion that its member banks are necessarily safe.

▶▶*Tragic By-Product*

TO THOSE who make a hobby of small tragedies—the by-products, as it were, of world-shaking events—we offer the story of Archbishop Theophan of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Some twenty-five years ago, the Archbishop, then rector of the Orthodox Seminary in St. Petersburg, heard tales of miraculous cures performed by a peasant monk named Rasputin. It happened that all Russia, especially the Church, was hoping for a miracle in the case of the young Tsarevich, who had suffered from birth from haemophilia and had been pronounced incurable by physicians. Here, perhaps, was the

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miracle-worker. Archbishop Theophan sought out Rasputin and introduced him at the Russian court.

The outcome is well known. Rasputin did, indeed, have a quieting effect on the ailing Tsarevich; before long the monk had convinced the Empress that the life of her son depended upon his presence. Meanwhile, Rasputin extended his influence from domestic to political matters. By his hold on the imperial couple, he succeeded in making a laughing-stock of them and a complete jumble of state affairs. When he was assassinated in the hope of averting revolution, it was already too late.

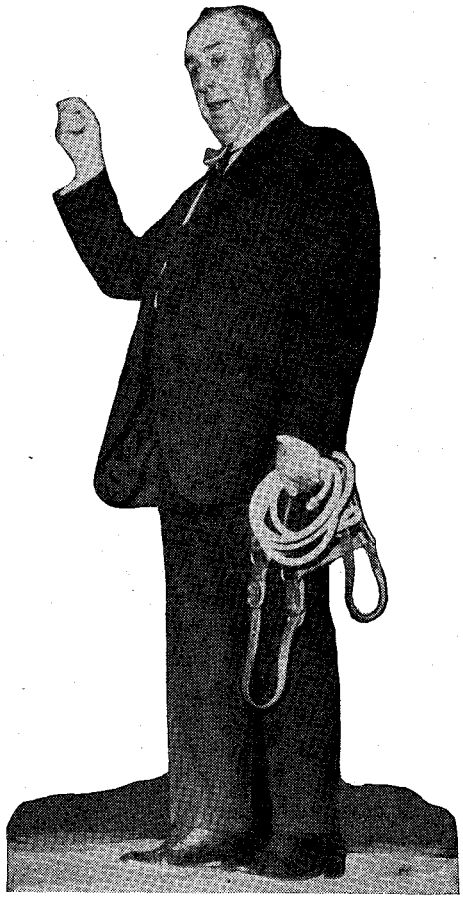
How many times must Archbishop Theophan have said to himself, "If only I had not introduced Rasputin to the court, the Revolution might never have taken place!" A great many, evidently, for the conviction that he was responsible for the downfall of czardom is said to have become an obsession with him. He has been accustomed to pass entire nights in a cathedral in Sofia, lying prostrate before the altar, beating his breast and loudly lamenting his guilt. Some days ago he was found wandering the streets, demented, and placed in a lunatic asylum.

It would have been of little use to point out to Archbishop Theophan that czardom in Russia was doomed to collapse in any event; that the seeds of revolution were planted before Rasputin ever appeared, or that, in any case, he, the Archbishop, was no more blameworthy than, say, the man who sold Abraham Lincoln his ticket to Ford's Theatre. Sometimes minor responsibility in major disasters is too great a burden for the human brain to bear.

▸▸*Thompsonism*

William Hale Thompson runs true to form in his present campaign for the Republican nomination for Mayor. Big Bill has always proceeded on the assumption that the average citizen of Chicago is a good deal of a dolt, whose vote may be had by ballyhoo if it has not already been snared by a political machine. Hence ballyhoo of the familiar Thompson variety has marked his current contest against his two Republican opponents, Municipal Judge John H. Lyle and young Alderman Arthur F. Albert.

The Mayor appears on speaking platforms bearing a halter on a rope, using it to illustrate his remark that the Chicago *Tribune* has a halter on Judge Lyle, while the Chicago *News* has one on Alderman Albert. A police quartet sings *Happy Days Are Here Again* and outside in the street crowds gather around Big Bill's campaign menagerie, a horse representing himself, a burro representing Alderman Albert, and a mule representing Judge Lyle. In the evening, twelve sound trucks speed through the city, bound for selected locations where they give outdoor talking-picture shows describing Big Bill's achievements. Signs on the sides of the trucks advise



Acme—P & A

HALTER AND ALL
"Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago as he now appears on the hustings

the public to "See this stupendous talking picture—Thompsonism." In large part the pictures are before-and-after shots of streets remade during Big Bill's three terms. They end when Big Bill himself, halter and all, appears on the screen belaboring his opponents and denouncing prohibition as responsible for "all the crime, all the lawlessness, all the hard times."

The Mayor apparently prefers not to dwell on the issues stressed by his opponents—namely, the city's empty coffers and the devastating alliance of police, politicians and criminals. And surely his feeling is not to be wondered at. It is so much easier for a Thompson to twist the British lion's tail and hint that the accursed Sassenachs are responsible for American prohibition laws. It is so much pleasanter for him to lambaste those who will oppose him in the Republican primary on February 24 and proclaim that, unlike them, he wears no halter. These are well-tried Thompson tactics, once perversely amusing, now both dull and disgusting. Such tactics have worked before and may work again. It is hard to believe that they will, but then it is equally hard to believe that Big Bill Thompson is Mayor of Chicago.

▸▸*Alfonso's Decree*

The decree of King Alfonso calling for parliamentary elections next month shows that he hopes to mollify Spanish discontent rather than depend on his army to overcome revolutionary attempts to set up a republic. Definite promises of elections ending the Spanish dictatorship were given by Premier Berenguer last December after loyal troops had put down two military uprisings and several riots resulting in sixty-odd deaths and about ten thousand arrests. The Premier maintained that the new Cortes, or Parliament, would have a perfect right to attack the monarchy and amend the Constitution. Yet his statement was greeted with skepticism.

Berenguer is, after all, but a jumping-jack worked by King Alfonso, brought in ostensibly to end the six year old dictatorship of the late General Primo de Rivera, actually to strengthen the King's hold upon the army. He came into power promising elections but the Spanish people had heard similar promises during the Rivera dictatorship. They had grown so restive under continued oppression that even some former monarchists were determined that the next step would be toward a republic rather than back to constitutional monarchy. Hence, though King Alfonso could not hope to keep his throne by leaning forever on an army which produced two rebellions in three days, there was considerable doubt that he would dare to allow honest elections with their consequent risk from politicians alienated by the dictatorship.

Some thought that the King might order another postponement once the army was restrengthened; others, that he would hold the elections but control the balloting. The latter view prevailed throughout January and by the end of

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the month the extreme monarchists comprised the only party which had not boycotted the elections. In the face of these manoeuvres and demands that he resign, Premier Berenguer insisted that the voting would take place and finally produced the royal decree of February 8.

In calling the elections King Alfonso necessarily restored constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, of the press, of lawful assembly and of political activity. His reference to the need for labor reforms may be a bid for Socialist participation in the elections. His proposal that Parliament modify part of the Constitution may likewise tend to attract the moderates. Yet in specifying that all reforms must be of a monarchical nature King Alfonso shows that he has no intention of giving quarter to the Republicans. He may have moved wisely in calling the elections but he has not removed the suspicion that they will be dishonest.

▶▶245 Miles an Hour

SHOOTING over Daytona Beach at a record-breaking speed of 245 miles an hour, Captain Malcolm Campbell of England shot as speedily into America's pet topics of conversation. No doubt some of your friends told you how foolish it is to risk one's life for a mere automobile speed record. No doubt others spoke knowingly of the value of speed runs as tests for tires, low clearances (Campbell sat but five inches above the ground), streamlines and radiator gadgets. But not many people have any real conception of how fast Captain Campbell traveled.

What does it mean to drive at 246.575 miles an hour, as Captain Campbell did on his first measured mile at Daytona, or 244.897 miles an hour, as he did on his second? For one thing it means that Captain Campbell is, as he said, the first man to travel on land faster than four miles a minute, just as, in 1929, Sir Henry Segrave was the first to travel on land faster than 3.85 miles a minute. But the difference of .15 miles a minute (the addition of fourteen miles an hour to Segrave's old record of 231) signifies little or nothing to taxi passengers who reckon a mile as twenty blocks in five minutes or to motorists who boast of having once done eighty miles an hour and actually may have done seventy. Captain Campbell's speed has precious little relation to everyday motoring.

It may best be appreciated, perhaps, by considering the danger equation. Before making the official record, Captain Campbell, pushing his Bluebird II along at about 240 miles an hour, saw some spectators a mile and a half ahead and had to burn his brakes to keep from running into them. On his record run he lost sight of the bull's-eye for an instant, headed off toward the dunes and barely straightened out. A sideways skid for a fraction of a second would have dumped him into the sea or the sandhills. His speed means things like that.

▶▶Russia—Talk and Trade

THE anti-Communist activities of Representative Ham Fish may delight him more than ever now that he has been lambasted by Joseph Stalin himself. In his position as virtual dictator of Soviet Russia, Stalin so rarely speaks for publication that American newspapers opened their columns wide when one of his addresses was made public on February 5, though it had been delivered some days before and its highest high point was the statement that Soviet Russia had to make up in ten years what Czarist Russia had lost in a century.

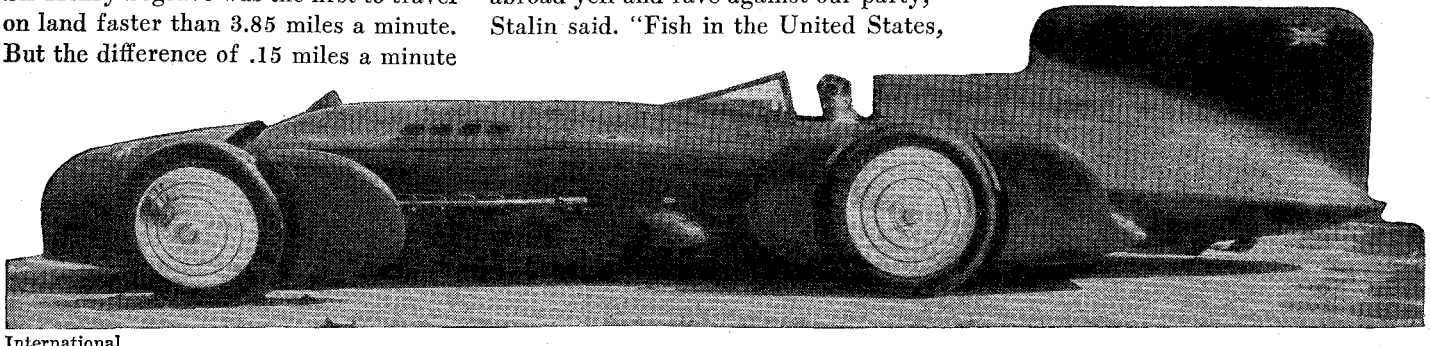
It was a typical Soviet address, coupling a reminder of Czarist Russia's backwardness with a recital of tremendous gains under Soviet rule, demands for intensified efforts to achieve the objectives of the celebrated five-year plan, arguments for the soundness of Communist doctrines and counter-attacks upon foreign foes. "See how certain well-known and honorable gentlemen abroad yell and rave against our party," Stalin said. "Fish in the United States, Churchill in England, Poincaré in France. Why do they yell and rave? Because the policy of our party is correct, because we are achieving victory after victory."

It is the effect of these victories which should be rammed home to those who have gobbled up Fish stories about the Communist menace. These people are fearful less Russia capture America's foreign trade. They read the headlines, get a general impression of what Stalin and Fish say, talk about putting embargoes on Russian products and miss such significant but unobtrusive items as trade reports from Washington and Moscow. Two of these were made public simultaneously with Stalin's speech. One report from the Department of Commerce in Washington revealed that during 1930 American exports to Russia increased 30 million dollars over those of 1929, and that, while five nations fell from our 1929 group of fourteen 100-million-dollar customers, Russia was the only nation which advanced into that group. The second report was given out by the Soviet Union itself, showing that during 1930 the United States supplanted Germany as the leading exporter to Russia.

These reports should be read and reread. They indicate that essentially Stalin is speaking the truth when he describes Soviet gains under the five-year plan for increasing production, manufactures and exports. Moreover, they show that, while the final success of the plan may tend to diminish our exports to some countries, partial success has already increased our exports to Russia.

▶▶Drought as Benefactor

AS A RESULT of the widespread drought, Chairman Legge of the Farm Board has said, "it is entirely likely that there will be a shortage of wheat next year." He must have beamed when he said it.



International

BLUEBIRD II

Captain Campbell at the wheel of his $100,000, two-and-a-half-ton, 1450-horsepower racing car

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Though a kindly enough man by all accounts, Chairman Legge is probably the one American alive who can think of a drought with tolerance. More accurately, he would doubtless like to see a peculiar kind of drought affecting wheat fields alone. At the present time, the Farm Board has a bear by the tail. It can't very well let go and it can't very well hold on. Only a good big drought seems likely to extricate it from its predicament.

The utmost that the Farm Board, organized to fatten the farmer's pocketbook, has been able to do is to retard the fall in agricultural prices, wheat prices particularly, which it has been unable to prevent. To slow down the fall, it has been obliged to acquire millions of bushels of wheat which it does not know what to do with. As Chairman Legge recently wrote to Governor Shafer of North Dakota, "the domestic market is being artificially maintained through the Stabilization Corporation, which is still carrying in excess of 60,000,000 bushels of the 1929 crop and with every prospect that at the close of this marketing season they will have at least twice that amount on hand."

The Farm Board can't very well sell its wheat, for that would send prices sharply downward. Neither can it very well hold the wheat, which is expensive to store—about a cent and a half a bushel a month—and which by its mere existence exerts a depressing effect on prices. The board's only hope lies in the curtailment of wheat acreage, which would enable it to work off its holdings gradually. Hence it has been advocating such curtailment for many months. So far, however, there has been little to indicate that the farmers will reduce their production voluntarily. Possibly the drought will make them reduce it involuntarily. If it does, though it will create new problems for the Farm Board, it will solve the present wheat problem nicely. That would be drought relief of an extraordinary kind.

▶▶*Lord Bessborough*

Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs' appointment last December as the first native-born Governor General of Australia created concern in England lest other dominions, notably Canada, demand native-born governor generals for themselves. The feeling was based less upon fear lest disaster overtake the tradition that governor generals be unconnected, if not unacquainted, with dominion politics than upon reluctance to have the dominions cut a last slender string binding them to the mother country.

As far as Canada is concerned, these fears have been dispelled now that Lord Bessborough, an Irish Earl, has been appointed Governor General to succeed Lord Willingdon, who becomes Viceroy of India next month. Yet Canada's regard for English sentiments was not shown so much in Lord Bessborough's appointment as in Premier Bennett's original recommendation that King George offer the post to the Duke of Abercorn, Governor General of Northern Ireland since 1922. The Duke, also Irish-born, declined the King's offer in order to complete his second term in Ulster, thereby making way for the Earl of Bessborough.

Although Lord Bessborough may know little of Canadian politics he knows something of politics in general, having served in Parliament for a decade. Yet of more importance in Canada now that the Governor General functions only in communications to and from the King, Lord Bessborough knows a good deal about business, as is indicated by his connection with such enterprises as the Unilever Margarine Corporation, the Sao Paulo Railway of Brazil and a score of other companies doing business in North and South America. Thus, while Lord Bessborough will do little in Canada officially, unofficially he may be able to help prepare the ground for the economic conference of British nations convening in Ottawa this June.

Remarkable Remarks

Business becomes better when people feel better about it.—Sir Reginald McKenna.

If those who are out of jobs would study a foreign language during their enforced leisure, when re-employment begins they would be able to triple the size of their earnings.—Rupert Hughes.

One of the pleasing developments in industrial America is the recognition that beauty pays.—Otto H. Kahn.

I find an overdraft at the bank very stimulating.—Mary Borden.

I absolutely get no sensation or thrill while traveling at so fast a speed [245 miles an hour].—Capt. Malcolm Campbell.

I am working in night clubs for the fun of it and to get atmosphere for literary efforts.—Belle Livingston.

Girls are unsexing themselves by participation in strenuous sports.—Victoria Booth Demarest.

More beautiful ladies have loved fat men than thin men.—O. O. McIntyre.

Women are never what you expect them to be.—Arthur Brisbane.

Cruel as it is, poverty has its uses. —Evangeline Booth.

The old idea that a leader is just a patronage pedler fortunately is passing, to the great relief of the public.—Republican State Chairman W. Kingsland Macy.

▶▶*Rotten Nutmeg Boroughs*

If you wish to see how a political party may unfairly dominate a state government, look at Republican Connecticut. Some days ago, Representative Kimmel, graduate student at Yale, introduced in the Connecticut House of Representatives a resolution calling for a more equitable distribution of places on legislative committees. In recent years the Republicans have made no pretense of giving the Democrats committee places in proportion to their strength in the Assembly. In the last session, for example, no Democrats were appointed to such important joint committees as judiciary, finance and appropriations.

Since then—perhaps because Connecticut elected a Democratic Governor on November 4—the Republicans have relaxed. Yet, even so, on no important committee has the minority more than three out of sixteen members; on many it has only two; on some, one. The injustice of this was indicated in figures prepared by Mr. Kimmel with the assistance of Professor Borchard of Yale. The Democrats hold roughly a third of the House and somewhat more of the Senate. Moreover, for the most part they represent larger constituencies than the Republicans. The Democrats in the General Assembly were elected by 153,042 voters in communities with 1,000,000 inhabitants. The Republicans were elected by 93,484 voters in communities with 650,000 inhabitants. So representative government in Connecticut simply does not exist.

The fault lies with the rotten boroughs. Representation in the House

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is based not upon population but upon towns, of which Connecticut has 169. The result is a gross disfranchisement of urban voters, mostly Democrats. Thus Union, with two hundred inhabitants, has two Representatives, and so has Hartford, with 160,000 inhabitants. Critics are told that, in the Connecticut Senate, representation is based not only upon counties but upon population. But the fact remains that the government is designed to favor the rural resident and to maintain the Republicans in control of the Legislature.

Be it noted that the elimination of rotten boroughs would involve amending the state Constitution, which would require the assent of the Republican-controlled General Assembly. Nevertheless, the urban voter, patient hitherto, is capable of upsetting this vicious system and may do so. The mounting resentment against prohibition in Connecticut cities is but one of the signs that the urban voter grows weary of being ruled from the country towns.

▶▶*In Brief*

IT TRANSPIRES that it was Mr. Hoover who ordered the court martial for General Butler, indicating again how well developed is the President's knack for doing the popular thing at the opportune time. . . . It would be more interesting to learn that former-Governor Ferguson of Texas believes there is presidential timber in Will Rogers if one did not know that Mr. Ferguson had previously believed there was presidential timber in former-Governor Ferguson. . . . The Navy's annual war games off Panama are now well under way and dispatches from the scene of battle indicate that the strain on quotation marks is something frightful. . . . "Artistic Mail Boxes Held National Need"—newspaper headline. Maybe that's what's been the matter with the country for the last sixteen months—the lack of artistic mail boxes. . . . We too have noted the statement by Lieutenant Colonel Smith of the Better America Federation that Russian Communists desire Los Angeles. Nevertheless, we do not approve of those Floridians who say, "Well, then, why not give it to them?" . . . . No wonder the Federal Trade Commission has been frowning on advertisers promoting the sale of a book entitled *What Happens Upon Death*. Claiming to know what happens upon death—why, it's unheard of!

The Smoke Goes Up the Chimney

An Editorial

"VOTE WET," the OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT advised its readers just before the elections of 1930. "Forget the party emblem. Vote wet."

As we had expected, we were criticized for adopting an extreme position. We replied that, for sincere opponents of the Volstead tragi-comedy, no other position was possible; that when all the arguments for and against prohibition are over it comes down to a question of supporting wet or dry candidates. Elect wet candidates and prohibition will soon be done for. Elect dry candidates and prohibition will continue, no matter how intense and widespread wet sentiment may be.

The validity of this position has been indicated in the present bone-dry Congress. That Congress has been presented with the exhaustive report of the Wickersham commission, which, though predominantly wet, submitted conclusions predominantly dry out of deference to Mr. Hoover—a dry elected in part by the votes of Republican wets. Along with its other recommendations, the commission submitted one designed to introduce a degree of common decency into Volsteadism and another to remove part of its hypocrisy. The former dealt with the issuance of liquor prescriptions by physicians, the latter with the home manufacture of wine. But did the dry members of Congress—elected in 1928, partly by the votes of wets—hasten to approve these two proposals and write them into law? Not by a long shot. Being dry, Congress is satisfied with the prohibition laws as they stand. It wishes neither to liberalize them nor to remove their hypocrisy.

In one of the two recommendations the Wickersham commission proposed, first, abolition of the statutory fixing of the amount of liquor which a physician may prescribe and the number of prescriptions; secondly, abolition of the requirement that the physician specify the ailment for which he prescribes liquor on a blank to go into the public files of the supervisor of permits. When, however, a wet Senator early this month asked the United States Senate to incorporate these recommendations in a bill dealing with enforcement in the District of Columbia, his suggestion was defeated by a vote of 45 to 25, or nearly two to one.

Again, the Wickersham commission was struck by the hypocrisy surrounding the home manufacture of wine. It pointed out that, as matters stand, "when wine is produced in the home for home use, whether or not the product is intoxicating is a question of fact to be decided by the jury in each case." If the jury decides that this wine, though it may have a kick like radiator fluid, is not intoxicating, the defendant goes free. If this situation continues, said the commission, "it becomes impracticable to interfere with home wine making, and it appears to be the policy of the government not to interfere with it."

The discrimination between the farmer's fruit juices and every other kind of intoxicant—it is strictly illegal to manufacture any other kind containing one half of one per cent or more of alcohol by volume—seemed highly objectionable to the Wickersham commission. "Why home wine making should be lawful while home brewing of beer and home distilling of spirits are not," it said, "why home wine making for home use is less reprehensible than making the same wine outside the home for home use, and why it should be penal to make wine commercially for use in homes and not penal to make in huge quantities the material for wine making and set up an elaborate selling campaign for disposing of them is not apparent."

To eliminate the hypocrisy from the situation regarding fruit juices the commission recommended that some uniform provision be made for a fixed alcoholic content. Presumably it would have the permissible alcoholic content for wine made the same as that for beer—less than one half of one per cent. But a month has now slipped by since the commission submitted its report, and, if any bill to carry out this wine-content recommendation has been introduced in Congress by a dry member, we have never heard of it. Even though such a bill would have a distinctly dry flavor, it is not difficult to predict that Congress probably would have none of it, being content with the law as it stands, hypocrisy and all.

The rule is that Senators, Representatives and other office holders elected as drys will do nothing to upset the glories of Volsteadism. A thousand in-

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Springfield, Missouri

vestigating bodies may submit a thousand reports with ten thousand fine recommendations, but members of Congress will remain dry—and the prohibition laws will remain substantially as they are—until their dryness threatens their political lives; in other words, until wet voters vote for wets. Meanwhile, in the words of Governor Smith, "Commissions may come and commissions may go, but the smoke goes up the chimney just the same."

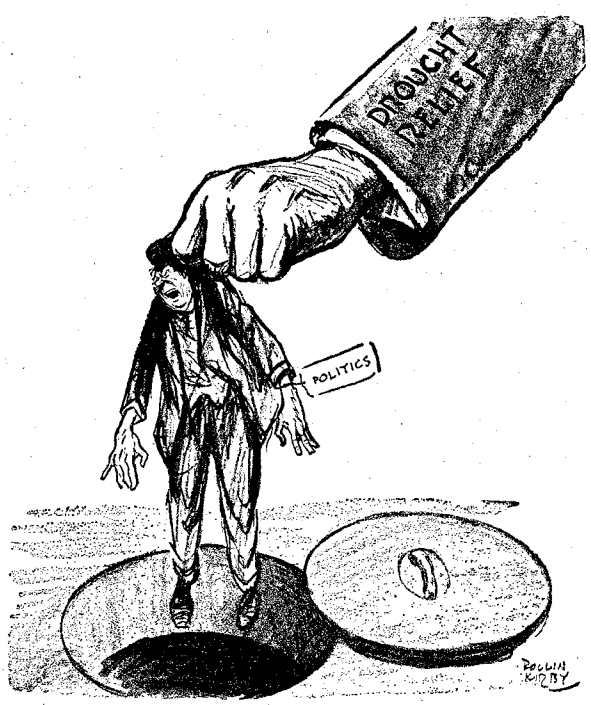
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CALVIN COOLIDGE, now "resting on his morals," derives a lusty delight, we understand, from contemplation of current events here in his old haunts. We can easily credit such a reaction, since the present spectacle pictures, to our mind, the system of American politics at its worst. To the credit of our statesmen, however, we must admit they seem to recognize that they have given a pretty shabby performance. From President Hoover down they are a sheepish-looking lot these days, and few offer any defense. Only the White House, in an endeavor to conceal its part in the tragi-comedy, continues to issue strange statements anent the drought relief, bonus and extra session problems, and "Background" Walter F. Newton, as the press men have dubbed him since the Wickersham incident, sheds big tears at the news-gatherers' refusal to accept any more "inspired" information. We do not mean to imply that the White House has been the sole offender in the whole affair, inasmuch as the Robinsons, Caraways, Watsons, McNarys, Tilsons, Snells and Cramtons have done their exceeding best to muddle matters.

Were it not that, as Senator Borah says and promptly forgets, "the bread lines wait," the ten weeks of mendacious manoeuvring would have its humorous side, though the public might not appreciate it without a brief review. It was, however, early in December that Minority Leader Robinson, of the starving state of Arkansas, acting in accord with what he conceived to be the Administration's desire, introduced his resolution for a $60,000,000 drought relief fund to be loaned out on sufficient security. Since G. O. P. spokesmen like Majority Leader Watson and McNary of Oregon had been informed that this measure was agreeable to President Hoover and Secretary Hyde, it passed the Senate almost unanimously. Simultaneously, however, the President issued his now-famous statement denouncing the Senate program as a "raid on the public treasury" and "playing politics at the expense of human misery." Once committed to this stand, Mr. Hoover was obviously in no position to "compromise"—dread word—until everybody had staged the sham battle of the last ten weeks. In the end the President accepted the same Robinson bill that he had seemingly denounced except that it carried $5,000,000 more than it did originally.

The joke—for those who can appreciate it—is that Mr. Hoover did not mean to include the $60,000,000 proposal within the scope of his Napoleonic criticism. He was, we learn, hitting only at the direct and general $100,000,000 appropriation sponsored by "Dave" Walsh of Massachusetts, and at his own inaccurate estimate of $4,500,000,000 as the cost of relief measures already introduced. Who his counsellors were we do not know, but so timed and so drawn was his pronouncement that, in the mind of Senate and public, it swatted the Robinson bill, too. It was then that the proffered harmony vanished, and even Republican Senate leaders turned their backs on the President. As the sham struggle grew more intense, the Democrats proposed that $25,000,000 be turned over to the Red Cross, and that honorable organization, despite denials by the harried John Barton Payne, permitted itself to be drawn into politics. Everybody now lost their tempers, and statesmanship gave way to schoolboy squabbling and back-alley epithets. Though the Administration cried "no compromise" to the end, blunt "Jim" Watson and cynical "Nick" Longworth tell us the settlement was a give-and-take proposition that could have been effected at any moment since Congress convened.



N. Y. World

The right place for him

At the present writing we seem headed toward a similar solution of the demand for immediate payment of the cash bonus. Republican steersmen in the House have framed a plan for increasing the loan value of veterans' certificates, which, by their reckoning, will cost approximately $500,000,000. They privately concede, however, that it will require nearer $1,000,000,000 and treasury officials suspect as much. Nevertheless, we understand that a settlement along these lines will be reached as soon as the Administration, after due delay, has devised a means of "saving its face."

From all this sorry spectacle only three men emerge with honor, and they are Speaker Longworth, Bernard M. Baruch and Owen D. Young. It was the Speaker who, when Floor Leader Tilson aroused hard feelings by his denunciation of doles and Democrats, kept his head and tongue. It was Mr. Baruch who counselled against antagonizing public opinion by forcing an extra session, by demanding direct relief and by futile feuds with the President. It was Mr. Young who first suggested aid to veterans on a reasonable and human basis. He left a deep impression on Republicans and Democrats alike, and we can hardly blame National Chairman "Johnnie" Raskob for pronouncing him the "Democrats' ideal presidential candidate." Only a suspicion of the New Yorker's position on water power—and cynicism toward any more "supermen"—keeps many influential Democrats from complete capitulation to this new "boy wonder," as Mr. Coolidge refers to Mr. Hoover.

A. F. C.

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Edward Windsor—Royal Drummer

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

BRITISH princes of old, armor-clad and on horseback, led their soldiers to many a bloody victory on the continent for the honor and glory of merrie England. Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, and his young brother, George, have set out for South America, not as warriors, but as commercial travelers with a definite mission to sell Britain to South American buyers, yet they carry the national banner in a real war, even if it is not a war of bullets.

Cut off from many of her former markets overseas, and faced with the necessity of finding new markets where she can dispose of the surplus products of her factories, Great Britain has now turned with hopeful eye toward the rich and populous countries south of Panama. The two princes will reach Buenos Aires in time to open the British Empire Trade Exposition in March, an undertaking which represents by far the most ambitious effort which their countrymen have made to turn the tide which has set against British trade in South America. Since 1913 Great Britain, once the chief supplier of the South American market, has yielded first place to the United States. So it is that British hopes have turned so buoyantly toward the exposition, and to the personal magnetism of the chief salesman, the Prince of Wales.

In the latter part of his administration, frankly hostile to the United States, former President Irigoyen had worked out a plan for bolstering up Argentine purchases in the United Kingdom. Before the plan for increasing the commercial interchanges between the two countries could be put into effect, however, Irigoyen was kicked out of office. With his elimination, the trade plans died. Not only has the new chief executive, Jose Evaristo Uriburu, proclaimed his good will to the United States, but he has appointed Dr. Manuel Malbran as Ambassador to Washington, a post which had been kept vacant for some time previously by Irigoyen, who had made it quite plain at the time that he had no particular enthusiasm over the swing-around the Pan-American circle which Herbert Hoover made in 1928.

Thus the mission which has taken the royal salesman to South America is of prime imperial significance. Political power may no longer inhere in the crown, but royalty still has its smile, its personality, and its favors to give or withhold. King George can not go forth in person to lead the shock troops of trade, but Edward Albert and his younger brother George can; in fact, the rôle is not wholly new for King George's boys. The Prince of Wales went to the Argentine on a somewhat similar mission a few years ago, and the trade urge explains in part at least why he has become so inveterate a traveler. If commerce follows the flag, Englishmen believe it will likewise follow their princes. Behind the champagne, the toasts, the speechmaking and the hurrahing, lies the launching of a big drive to reclaim the lost continent of South America; to put John Bull back again in the place from which he was so rudely ousted by the Yankee.

FIGURES are notoriously dull, but in this instance a few must be cited to indicate the broad trends. During the period 1911-1913, the United Kingdom was the largest exporting country in the world, being credited with 15.4 per cent of total world exports. The United States and Germany ranked next, with 12.4 per cent and 11.4 per cent respectively. We have now become the chief exporting country, with 15.4 per cent of the exports as our share in 1927, as against Britain's 12.8 per cent. Markets once wide open to the British entrepreneur are now either closed, or they can be entered only with difficulty. Russia is a poor and uncertain buyer. Civil strife has thrown China into turmoil and confusion. In India, Gandhi's emphasis on the village spinning wheel has cut heavily into the sales once made there by agents for Lancashire mills, and here in the United States the new tariff has created another hurdle which the British exporter must negotiate if he is to sell to American buyers in the same quantities as of old.

South America, therefore, beckons more alluringly than ever, and it appeals just as strongly to the exporters of other industrial countries in their search for new markets beyond the seas. Whether in the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, or Uruguay, the South American is still busily engaged in extracting the wealth that lies in the soil, forests, or mines. He has still a long distance to go before he thinks of manufacturing tools, automobiles, steam engines, clothing and luxuries. Except in a few lines, the manufacturing industries of South America do not compete with the products which the traders of North America or Europe send to that continent.

Yet the South American is rich, and can pay good money for the many things which he must import from abroad. The per capita wealth of the Argentine is one of the highest in the world. North American and European exporters know this, and that is why their eyes are so keenly set in its direction.

AS FAR back as the first part of the nineteenth century, pioneering British merchants laid the basis for the flourishing trade with the River Plate countries of a later day. Swarms of traders descended upon this region, pushing forward steadily into other corners of the continent. British traders secured a strong foothold in Chile, the Argentine, Uruguay, and they were not long in extending their operations to Brazil. Soon after the middle of the century, half the foreign debt of Brazil was in British hands. Not only did British capital build a great part of South America's railways, but British engineers laid most of the rails. British capital today still controls many of the most important lines in the Argentine. In the mines and on the ranches, in the professions, in banks and commercial houses, the Briton, Scot and Irishman has played a notable part in developing South America. Later France and Germany set out to gain a share of the business, but even down to 1870 the British sent more exports to and bought more raw materials from South America than all the rest of the world.

The United States in recent years has contributed a new actor to the drama. Not only have we become, since the war, the chief market for the raw materials of the twenty Latin-American republics, but they have become more and more dependent upon us for their manufactured commodities. Since the Latin-American peoples cut the political ties with Spain and Portugal, their trade has enormously increased. In 1830, the value of both exports and imports amounted to but $25,000,000; fifty years later, it had climbed to $200,-

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000,000, and during the past decade or so the trade has had an annual average value of close to $2,000,000,000, an increase during the century of nearly a hundredfold.

Our sales have enormously increased during the past two decades. In 1900 Great Britain sold South America as much as the United States and Germany together. From 1900 to 1910, the United States moved steadily forward and since 1913 Latin America has bought more from us than from any other country. Even before 1890, we sold more to Mexico, Cuba and Central America than did any other country, but it has been only since 1913 that we began to sell more to South America than either Great Britain or Germany, with the result that we now stand first in the import trade of all American republics with sales aggregating well over $500,000,000 in 1929.

Because Great Britain has lost ground as a supplier of the needs of South Americans, this does not mean that our gains have been made by displacing lines previously in British hands. For we have made the bulk of our advances in fields in which Great Britain, and other European countries, for that matter, offer comparatively little competition. Exports of automobiles and their accessories explain the major part of our gains. That our motor car dealers have as yet had little to fear from European competition is evident from the fact that only from five to eight per cent of the cars used in the Argentine come from outside the United States. We have a commanding lead, too, in sales of radios, agricultural and road-making machinery, the type of article turned out so efficiently under our system of mass production. Since 1913, our exports to South America have tripled in volume, while in relative rank we are now first, instead of standing third after Great Britain and Germany.

Our capital, too, has gone into South American industry to the extent of about three billions. In the Argentine, we have taken away from British capitalists control of the meat-chilling industry. American money is heavily entrenched in the nitrate industry of Chile, the coffee industry of Brazil, and other large enterprises. To check the

Herbert

American advance, to win back, if possible, the dominant position in the trade which for so long was virtually a British monopoly—this is the objective of the effort which Britain has now begun.

The Empire Trade Exhibition has been carefully planned, and its promoters hope to get their money back many times over in increased sales of British goods throughout Latin America. The presence of the two princes will be worth many a full-page advertisement, for the South Americans are as thoroughgoing king lovers as we are, and they will journey to Buenos Aires by the thousands to catch a glimpse of the royal visitors. As a preliminary to the exhibition, British firms have launched an intensive advertising campaign to push the sales of British motor vehicles—a fact which indicates clearly enough that their eye is on the lucrative automobile trade, now almost exclusively a Yankee monopoly. Over thirty individual manufacturers will exhibit their motor cars, trucks and accessories. Canada, too, will send a display of the goods which she is ready to sell to South America.

While the Prince of Wales and his brother are getting the Empire Trade Exhibition off to a flying start, Uncle Sam has not been resting on his oars. When President-elect, Mr. Hoover threw the spotlight on Latin America. His now historic trip foreshadowed the increasing emphasis which the present Administration has placed on our relations with the republics in the south. To a degree beyond that of any of its predecessors, this Administration has laid stress on the importance of this two-billion-dollar market. Not only has it built new embassies, legations, and consulates, but it has insisted, for the first time in our history, that men appointed as ambassadors or ministers to Latin-American nations should have a knowledge of Spanish.

The recent purchase of a new home for the American Ambassador to the Argentine, at a cost of $1,400,000, is a pertinent illustration of our new interest. The property was owned by Dr. Ernesto Bosch, now Minister for Foreign Affairs in the cabinet of President Uriburu. It is rated as the most magnificent home in Buenos Aires, one of the new world's richest cities.

The Foreign Service Buildings Commission, which voted this $1,400,000 purchase, included in its membership, besides several congressmen and senators, men of large affairs like Andrew W. Mellon, Henry L. Stimson, and Thomas W. Lamont. As practical individuals, they know that in foreign trade, as in the business world here, a good front is often half the sale. They are quite aware of what they have done at Buenos Aires, not only by buying the finest home in the city for the American Ambassador, but in erecting, at a cost of close to $900,000, a magnificent eight-story building to provide offices for the many American government officials assigned to the Argentine capital.

It is a far cry from the days of Jeffersonian simplicity to the palatial residence which now houses the American Ambassador at Buenos Aires, and some of the "Little America" bloc in Congress were quick to see the incongruity. Speaking of the purchase, Stafford, of Wisconsin, told the House:

> We should not display to foreigners, who look upon the United States as the home of democracy, an embassy building that does not reflect the Democratic spirit, but which reflects the aristocratic, plutocratic, and the commercial spirit upon which is placed the dollar mark of the modern-day, capitalistic system.

And the commission knows just what it was doing, for it has long been alert to the fact that South America is now the principal theatre in the international struggle for trade, and that the fighting is at its thickest in the Ar-

(Please Turn to Page 274)

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The Economic Consequences of Reparations

By GUY GREER

Two of the great economic problems facing the world are those of tariff barriers, and reparations and war debts. The two are closely interlocked in relationship and in importance to American foreign trade, as Mr. Greer points out in this article. The opinions expressed here are those of Mr. Greer and not necessarily those of the Outlook; but Mr. Greer writes as an authority because of his experience as aide to the late Colonel Logan of the Reparations Commission.

TWO old men of the sea, the tangle of debts arising out of the war and the existing network of tariff barriers, are strangling the economic organization of the world. It is only by accident that the two are working together to impede the healthy growth of international trade and economic recovery, for there is no actual kinship between them, except that both owe their origins to similar mixtures of muddle-headed thinking, misplaced patriotism, and unmitigated greed; but for all practical purposes their effect is much the same as if they had been deliberately designed to complement each other in the business of creating and prolonging the present economic miasma.

I shall attempt to set forth in realistic terms the essential elements of these two problems, to examine their relationship and, finally, to indicate their significance to the future economic development of the world. For convenience the problem of war debts and reparations will be dealt with first, although its importance should be understood from the outset to be, for all its immediate urgency, but temporary and minor in comparison with the problem of tariff barriers.

When the war ended and a limited degree of sanity had been restored, all the belligerent nations were burdened with an enormous total of governmental debts. They represented merely obligations to redistribute the costs of the war among different individuals, groups, and nations; for the actual costs had been borne while the destruction was going on. In general the debts were of two kinds, internal and external. Except in Great Britain and the United States, the internal debts of all the principal belligerent nations were eventually either largely reduced, as in France and Italy, or practically wiped out, as in Germany and Austria, by currency inflation. The external debts were for the most part due from the continental allies to Great Britain and the United States and from Great Britain to the United States. After the war, in certain cases nearly ten years later, they were "funded," that is, transformed into obligations payable in the manner of ordinary long-term loans. In the process all of them were substantially reduced, particularly those owing to the United States. They are now commonly referred to as the "Allied debts."

In addition to the monetary obligations incurred among themselves during and immediately after the war, the victorious Allies assessed against Germany and the other defeated nations a huge, though indefinite, indemnity. The vanquished nations were compelled under threat of continued blockade and starvation to admit full responsibility for the losses and damages which had been suffered by the victors, and to agree to pay the indemnity, which was to be definitely fixed by a Reparations Commission composed exclusively of representatives of the victors. In the course of time, attempts to enforce claims against the other defeated nations were for all practical purposes abandoned, and Germany was singled out as the principal debtor. The demands for "reparations," as the indemnity was called, constitute a class of obligations entirely separate and distinct from the debts of the Allies to the United States.

The claims for reparations have never been definitely fixed and agreed upon between the Allies and Germany. For over ten years one settlement after another, announced by certain of the Allied Governments as definite and final, has been superseded by a later arrangement. The so-called Young Plan now in operation is merely the latest of these, although for the first time Germany has agreed unconditionally to make certain annual payments which are so definite in form that it has been possible to float an issue of bonds against them.

According to the terms of the Young Plan, Germany agreed to pay to the Allies approximately $157,000,000 annually for thirty-seven years, without any conditions whatsoever. In June, 1930, an international loan of about $300,000,000 was issued and sold to the public against a part of these annuities, the actual amount required for interest and sinking fund being slightly less than $20,000,000 a year. In addition to the unconditional annuities, Germany agreed to pay for the same period of thirty-seven years, conditionally, an average of about $320,000,000 a year, and for about twenty years thereafter, sums equivalent to the net aggregate amounts due from the Allies to the United States in accordance with the various "funding" agreements.

Meanwhile, ever since the war, the European Allies, particularly France and Great Britain, have been urging either cancellation of the Allied debts, or the admission on the part of the United States that they shall be paid only in proportion to the collection of reparations from Germany. In order to strengthen the latter contention, the whole of the conditional annuities of the Young Plan were deliberately fixed to correspond throughout their duration with the net aggregate amounts due the United States on the Allied debts. At the same time the Allies agreed among themselves and with Germany that in the event the United States should cancel or reduce the Allied debts, Germany should for the first thirty-seven years be relieved of liability with respect to these annuities to the extent of two-thirds of the reduction, and to the extent of the whole of it during the remainder of the period covered by the settlement. It must be said at this point in justice to Great Britain that she had herself several years previously taken the lead in the matter of all-around cancellation of war debts, by announcing that she would seek to collect from her debtors on the continent and as reparations together only the sums required to meet her payments to the United States. By this action Great Britain had in effect remitted to her debtors, over and above her reparation claims, considerably more than the amount of her indebtedness to the United States.

Arguments for cancellation of the Allied debts have been based on pseudo-legal or moral claims, to the effect that the Allies fought the war in our stead for more than three years, sacrificing the lives of millions of their men, while we merely supplied money. Our government has never admitted such claims,

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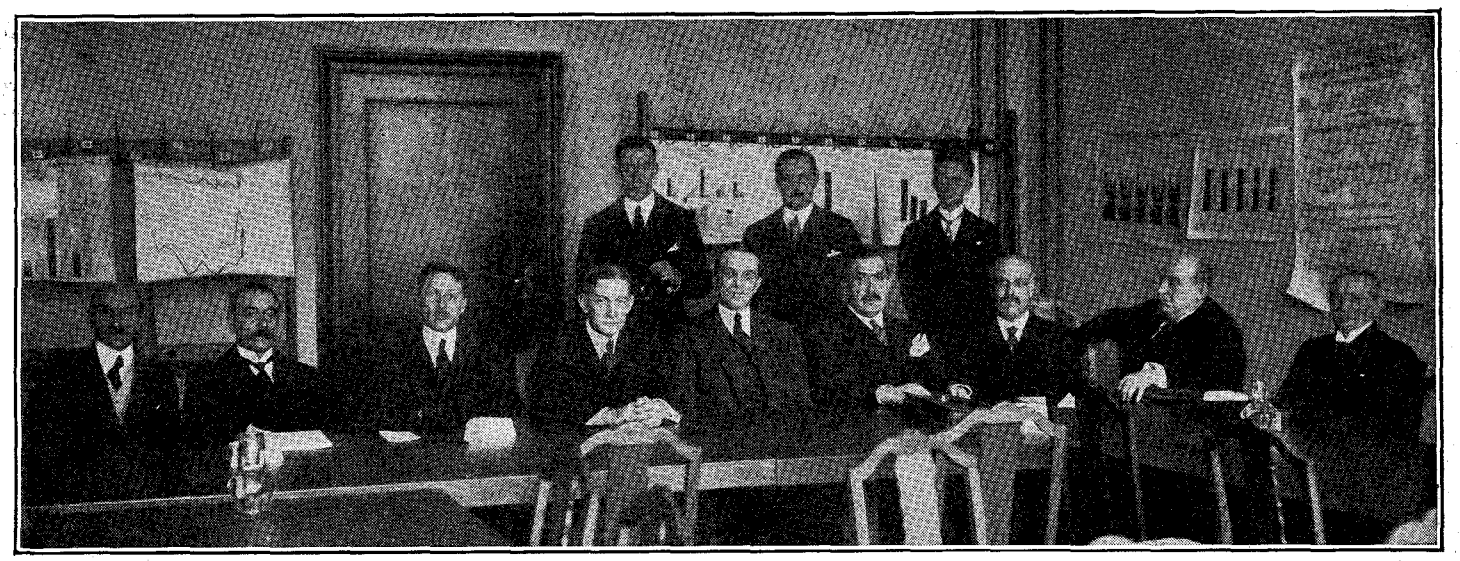

Keystone

The first Reparations Commission on the eve of their departure from Berlin

contending, in complete accord with the obvious facts, that the Allied debts are clear-cut and unconditional promises to pay, voluntarily given and having nothing whatever to do with our entry into the war or with the claims against Germany for reparations. Realistically considered, it should be clear from the manner in which both categories of obligations came into being that legally there is no connection whatever between them. Morally the thesis of the Allies would have justification only on the basis of the now discredited myth that Germany deliberately planned and provoked the war, with the intention finally to subjugate not only Europe but also America. On this supposition and on no other, the Allies might reasonably claim to have been fighting our war, but few intelligent students of international politics in Europe or America believe any longer that such was the case.

ONLY on the basis of a frank admission that the war was a senseless disaster, resulting essentially from the conditions created throughout the world by narrow nationalism and incompetent diplomacy, and that America finally fell victim to the world madness and helped in the wholesale destruction, could the Allies advance valid arguments in support of their contentions. Since they are not ready to make any such admission, their demands, whether for the linking together of Allied debts and reparations or for the cancellation of the former, are not likely to receive serious consideration on moral or legal grounds in America.

Thus to some extent disentangled, the tangle of debts arising out of the war may be viewed in perspective. In one group are the Allied debts to the United States and the unconditional annuities of the Young Plan, both categories being definite financial obligations. On the other hand, corresponding in amount to the Allied debts, there are the conditional annuities of the Young Plan, which, if ever they are paid at all, must in effect be paid to the United States. Without remission on the part of the creditors, the first two categories must either be integrally paid or wiped out by repudiation, with all its disastrous consequences of impaired credit of the debtors. The conditional annuities are on a different footing. It is persistently argued by Germany, and believed by an increasing number of unbiased investigators in other countries, that if those parts of the Treaty of Versailles which violate the pre-Armistice promises made to the defeated nations were revised in accordance with such promises, even the present doubtful legal basis for all reparation claims would disappear, along with the basis for a number of the territorial changes imposed by the peace settlement. In fact the dispute over the question of revision of the peace treaties, with all the political and economic implications involved, is one of the chief dangers existing in Europe to the peace of the world.

But we are concerned here primarily with the economic consequences of reparations and Allied debts, the former being taken to mean only the conditional annuities of the Young Plan, since the unconditional annuities have been definitely agreed to by Germany, irrespective of the justice of the claims on which the demands of the Allies were originally based. Objectively considered, and without relation to their legal or moral aspects, there are three features which distinguish both classes of obligations from all other debts which have existed among nations in the past. First, the enormous amounts involved. Second, an attempt is being made to collect the whole huge sum from one country, which is far from being the most wealthy of the debtors. Third, the final creditor, to whom ultimately all payments must be made, is incomparably the richest country in the world. These are facts about the debts arising out of the war, which have nothing to do with the manner in which the obligations were incurred.

WHAT have been their principal economic consequences? Their most dire result has been the impairment of the credit of the debtor nations, particularly of Germany. For about six years after the war Germany had in the international financial markets practically no credit at all. She was able to pay for her excess of indispensable imports over exports only through the sale abroad of rapidly depreciating paper currency. During the same period France and the other continental allies were obliged to pay extremely high interest rates on their foreign borrowings, as witnessed by their bond issues floated in America at seven and eight per cent. After the adoption of the Dawes Plan in 1924 there was some improvement. Germany was for a few years able to obtain large foreign loans, although at extremely high interest rates, and the credit of the Allies was greatly strengthened. But Germany as an economic entity, that is to say, the whole of Germany's business and financial organization, has been obliged to borrow so heavily, in order to

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make possible her reparation payments under the Dawes Plan, that she has almost exhausted her credit. Interest rates have become so high that German business can no longer afford to pay them. Consequently nearly all long-term borrowings have ceased, in spite of the fact that Germany is still in need of foreign capital. The adverse economic effects of reparations and Allied debts in Europe, in fact, are now confined primarily to Germany, since the Allies act merely as intermediaries in passing the payments along to the United States.

UNQUESTIONABLY the necessity to make such large payments is helping to bring about another economic collapse in Germany. Both the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan, it will be remembered, were designed largely to remedy or to prevent such collapses in 1924 and in 1929; and both for all their being hailed as definite and final, were mere palliatives. As early as 1923 a searching analysis by Moulton and McGuire of the Institute of Economics showed that on the basis of existing conditions and probabilities (with respect to tariffs and international trade), Germany could not reasonably be expected to make from her own resources any further reparation payments whatever. Actual performances under the Dawes Plan seemed to disprove this conclusion. In reality they merely proved it; for Germany as an economic entity has made no net payments since 1923. On the contrary, she has borrowed abroad nearly twice as much as she has paid. So long as she was able to borrow easily there was no difficulty about making payments, but we have seen that now she can no longer expect to go on doing so. The inevitable result of her present situation, without some mitigation of the reparation demands and the existing barriers to international trade, will be another economic collapse. And this time the effect is likely to be political as well as economic; for there can be little doubt that the present confused and dangerous political situation in Germany is in large measure due to the critical economic condition of the country, caused mainly by the necessity to make reparation payments and the difficulty of increasing exports under the handicap of the prevailing tariff system.

Superficially the effects on the United States of debt payments made by means of collections from Germany are beneficial. Our treasury receives about $350,000,000 a year from Europe, which is used to reduce our internal debt. There are, however, other results of the transactions which are not so simple. It happens that during the past few years we have made large loans to Europe, chiefly to Germany, which have made possible a considerable percentage of our exports of commodities. When Germany's credit is impaired by the necessity to make large reparation payments, our rate of making foreign loans is reduced, and also the possibility to continue our large volume of exports. The result is a direct adverse effect on American business and agriculture. It is a matter of common knowledge, moreover, that when the credit of one foreign country declines, as manifested by the price of foreign bonds, that of other countries tends to decline also, with the net result that there is an all round reduction of foreign lendings and a corresponding decrease in the volume of our exports.

As a matter of ordinary business, therefore, it would be of very great advantage to the United States if the reparation claims were wiped out. The same can hardly be said of the Allied debts, since the principal debtors could probably pay them even though they received no further payments from Germany; but the uncompromising fact is that the Allies will not cancel the reparation claims unless we cancel their debts to us. Consequently, whether we believe their stand is justified or not, we are placed in a position of responsibility. By cancelling the Allied debts we could at one stroke remove from the European scene one of the most serious handicaps to the economic recovery of the world and a dangerous cause of political turmoil and possible war, and at the same time get rid of one of the factors prolonging our own business depression—the impairment of the credit of our best customers.

NOW there is only one sound financial reason why Allied debts do actually impair the credit of our foreign borrowers, both as regards past loans and those of the future. It is that doubts exist in the minds of bankers and investors as to whether the debtor countries can or will eventually meet their obligations. The doubts are due to a number of causes, one of them being the fear of another war in Europe. But the principal misgivings on purely economic grounds arise from the enormous size of the obligations in relation to the volume of international trade. If such trade were growing rapidly we might reasonably expect that in a few years the annual payments due on the debts would come to represent a relatively small percentage of the international business turnover. In such an event they might ultimately be paid without difficulty, just as obligations between business concerns are more easily taken care of when the volume of transactions is steadily increasing. But the fact is that the volume of international trade is not growing rapidly. Its increase is being hampered more and more seriously every year by the existing system of tariff barriers.

AND so we come at last to the most baffling of all the problems confronting the economic organization of the world. With the increase of productivity everywhere there would naturally follow a corresponding increase in the volume of international trade, to the manifest advantage of all participants, if no obstacles were placed in the way. But for various reasons, some of them of doubtful validity and others unquestionably stupid and shortsighted, most nations have in fact set up obstacles, in their attempts to make themselves as nearly self-supporting as possible. They have erected tariff barriers to protect those productive occupations which for one reason or another could not (or at least the governments have been persuaded that they could not) be profitably carried on without such protection. The result is that practically the entire world, with the exception of Great Britain, has been engaged for generations in a sort of economic warfare, which for the past ten years has become much more intense than ever before. So many impediments to international trade have been created that the volume of transactions has fallen far behind the increase in productive efficiency. During the past year and a half, partly because of sudden increases in tariffs, partly because of the world-wide business depression which was itself caused partly by the check to international trade resulting from the increased tariffs, such trade has decreased sharply. Thus the system of tariff barriers plays its sinister part in preventing economic recovery throughout the world.

For the existence of the system all protectionist nations are in greater or lesser degree to blame. It will be remembered that ever since the war a few of the most farsighted statesmen of the world have been striving to bring about a general reduction of tariff bar-

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▶▶ Ladies and Super-Ladies ◀◀

By JERRY MAXWELL

THIS is an age in which ladies are not only born but made, and the manufactured article has been done to such a fine golden brown that the casual observer is almost sure to be carried away by her carefully nursed perfection and, comparing her to the original pattern, the born lady, say, "This, this is the lady." She has so many more of the earmarks of a lady than the lady, she acts so much more like a lady than the lady—in short, she is a super-lady.

Needless to say, she is almost invariably of humble origin, but at an early age she fed hungrily on tales of bona fide ladies in reduced circumstances who, notwithstanding, constantly maintained that certain aura that set them aloofly apart and gave them their title. With that premise steadfastly implanted in her mind, she has supplemented her education in various ways. After the war and the resultant democracy of women, she had the precious opportunity to come in contact with ladies, impersonally, to be sure, never socially; but she, with her fiery ambition, found innumerable advantageous little ways to affix herself closely enough to them to study their ways and their manners.

After the war her father probably acquired enough money to take the family *en masse* to Europe, where she applied herself and her ambitious energy to learning as many languages or smattering of languages as is possible for anybody, after they have passed the age of adolescence, to learn, and she devoted special attention to French, which she considered enormously *chic*. She may even have gone to school for a few months or a year in Switzerland, rarely France, in which case she automatically becomes a super-super-lady. Barring schooling abroad, the super-lady has probably been to college, often to Hunter, New York University, or City College in New York, since most of this new specimen are to be found in Manhattan, usually having migrated there from the Bronx or Brooklyn. Second-rate private schools do not seem to be turning out ladies—apparently they serve to inject more of an inferiority than a superiority complex—but occasionally one is found that has survived this mill. Usually, however, it is the little pension-and-day-school-in-Switzerland idea or the local college that is responsible for the "job,"—and they are turning them out by the dozens.

The super-lady, having settled in New York, where class-consciousness is taken so absurdly seriously, usually gets herself a "genteel job"—at least it is in offices that one often meets her. Straightway she becomes the cream of the organization. She is the one who is most polite, who is so extra-specially nice to strangers, who figuratively falls down on her face with unctuous solicitude for her "boss." She gives her job a fancy title—the if-she-is-a-stenographer-she-calls-herself-a-secretary idea—by which she calls herself, proudly to her friends, somewhat shamefacedly to her fellow employees. She applies that same diligence which taught her the smattering of French to her work—especially if some one influential is watching.

The lady does what she wants; the super-lady does what she wants to want. A lady who feels like acting nonsensical at an odd moment will act nonsensical; a super-lady will first think, and consider whether or not she has ever seen a lady act similarly under similar circumstances. A lady may be quite susceptible

Courtesy Style Sources

to losing her temper and, having given vent to this urge, will think no more about it. A super-lady will fight against it with every ounce of self-control, and if she loses her little battle the memory of her outburst will haunt her miserably for weeks. A lady relaxes; a super-lady is tense, on her guard every minute, ever fearful that some little misstep will betray the preciously guarded fact that she is not a natural-grown lady.

A lady is not afraid to say what she thinks. Asked an opinion, she will answer honestly and promptly, often vehemently, explaining the idea that happens to be uppermost in her mind on the subject. Possessed of a brain that is plastic, facile, and open to suggestion, she may change her opinion in an hour, but she doesn't consider that fact so important that she must rush back to her questioner with the news. A super-lady, on the other hand, has a brain that is a veritable labyrinth of secret cubby-holes and niches. Her expressed opinions, whatever her silent ones may be, are always guarded and evasive. She relies more on the success of counter-questions, designed to produce argument and a great unfolding of valuable ideas on the part of her questioner, than she does on decided viewpoints.

The attitude of the lady to the people she meets casually is one of democratic offhandedness. She is polite, yes, but polite in a detached, disinterested manner. They mean nothing to her; they are not her friends. She feels no more strongly about them than she might about a railroad man of whom she might inquire the time of a train, and she addresses them with the same pattern of stereotyped courtesy—one that she learned in her nursery days. The super-lady, however, puts personality into every word, every sentence, however trivial. At the back of her head, undoubtedly, is the thought that one never can tell when one may be talking to the son of a Vanderbilt or an Astor. She is not quite sure, either, that she wants to be a snob, so she takes pains with the lesser dignitaries as well, unless she discovers definitely that they can never further her end, in which case it is quite possible that a poor, suppressed bad temper may burst loose.

The super-lady, too, opens the eager arms of her friendship to any one she recognizes as being a lady, and her per-

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▶▶ Evangeline Adams and Her Stars ◀◀

By ALLENE TALMEY

TO hundreds of thousands, Evangeline Adams is not just another rhythmic name. She is faith and hope, a telegram from the future. Through this dignified astrologian, astrology has become respectable, a subject the children may hear. No longer is it a hidden superstition for the unholy rich and the unhealthy poor. By her suction it has seeped into the middle classes who have reduced this oldest of sciences from the romantic idiosyncrasy of the few to a commodity that one gets by sending in an advertisers' coupon for a free Adams horoscope.

These horoscopes are tossed throughout the land to innumerable housewives, mechanics, manicurists, waitresses, salesmen, clerks—that whole run of humanity who cannot wait for their milk and honey until they reach the promised land. Although they cannot name the officers of the Hoover Cabinet, they know the Zodiac now, the twelve houses of the heavens, the nine planets. They know Leo the Lion, and Cancer the Crab, all by listening on the radio to the sleepy-time voice of Evangeline Adams.

That voice rarely admits that black is black. A shimmering haze hangs over the specific. She tells anecdotes of her success with the great. She describes the fortunes of the next twenty-four hours, describes them so carefully that no matter what happens, she predicted it. She warns and guides, and gently removes responsibility from shoulders, not unlike a butler with a sable wrap. The multitude listens, with many obeying the advice sent out over the air by a wise old lady on the timberline of sixty. As she sits in front of the microphone, nervous, playing with her papers, she might be telling in her Yankee twang the story of the Three Bears, Aries, Pisces and Taurus, who came home one night to find golden-haired Virgo in the smallest bed of all.

Around the speaker at the microphone lounge seven or eight musicians whose faces show a boredom profound and pitiable. When all is over, Miss Adams, adoring the entire performance, hugs David Ross, her announcer, gathers up her platoon of visitors, picks up her dozen little accessories, and exits in a burst of light and gayety and delightful flattery.

In her early days Evangeline Adams did not aim at her present large clientele. She aimed at a small, discriminating audience who would come to her indefinitely, personally. She did not think of the card index, such as she now possesses, in which lie the date and hour of birth of every prominent man and woman in the country. But her clients, then as now, ordered their lives by the sun and the moon, the planets and Evangeline Adams. Those who believe in her cannot live without her. For them she is an outlet, a confession box for the loquacious, a relief for the reticent. All their major problems she settles.

There is no doubt that Miss Adams thoroughly understands human predicaments, human reactions, and what she knows she tells. Born, as they say, an old soul, she is an instinctively wise woman, not scholarly or learned, but worldly wise, shrewd. Those who consult her receive their value less in what she deduces from the stars, than in what she deduces from the Evangeline Adams who has dealt with more than a quarter of a million clients in over thirty years.

Astrology in itself is a dry, mechanical, mathematical process that can be taught to any one. It requires no more than a certain technical skill to chart a horoscope, a skill that now belongs to all the girls who work for Miss Adams as well as to the thousands of amateur astrologians, to all the small fry professional astrologians, still collecting five and ten dollar fees. It is not the process that has made her famous. About forty per cent of what Miss Adams tells her personal clients who pay fifty dollars for a half hour interview comes from the stars, words which might be told them by any of the ten-dollar chartists.

In the other sixty per cent lies all her knowledge, gathered from living, from talking to the famous, the great in all professions. She is worth listening to, her advice valuable if she neglected to mention the stars. No illusions are left in her, but along with her vast courage she has an intimate map of exactly where all the holes lie in this existence. Politics, economics, social problems—these are nothing more or less than breakfast foods to her. Upon the willing heads of her clients are doused the undammed reservoir of her experience and memories. Not that all this appears in the first interview. She tells what she can in thirty minutes. There is no overlapping of appointments. At the thirty-first minute a new interview begins, and a new fee, as Miss Adams has a nice respect for the dollar.

In her soothing voice, Miss Adams never terrifies, never foretells death. Of all matters, she loves best to advise on marriage, the choice of a profession, and the date of birth of children, advocating in certain instances Caesarian birth in order to insure favorable signs. In these parlous times, however, her chief questions are not about favorable signs for babies, but favorable signs for the market, for Evangeline Adams has a reputation for financial sagacity that is known throughout Wall Street. Some brokers and traders consult her for market trends just as they subscribe to financial services and publications, and consult financial reports.

IT is one of her rules of life that she will not give specific information on definite stocks. Her market advice begins with discovering first of all whether the querant was born under stars favorable to speculation. Once this question is out of the way she forecasts the swings—whether oils, rails, utilities or food products will move and in which direction. Never a word, however, whether to buy or sell Standard Oil, United Gas Improvement or National Dairy Products. The swings come from the stars, Miss Adams believes, while the individual ups and downs are merely man-manipulated, and as such no astrologian can tell what they will do. It is her favorite boast that the late J. Pierpont Morgan rang her bell frequently to learn about the long pull which, incidentally, meant to him at least five years. It is against her principles to make predictions on the results of elections, prize fights, or the weather, although, of course, she always knows.

Through her hands have passed the life charts of such constant clients as Philip Payne, lost when Old Glory failed to fly the Atlantic Ocean, Cardinal Gibbons, Charles Chaplin, Ray Long, the editor; Charles Wagner, the producer; Mrs. Grace Harriman, John Burroughs, and innumerable legitimate stage and motion picture actors and actresses. Some want to know the opening dates for plays, whether they should

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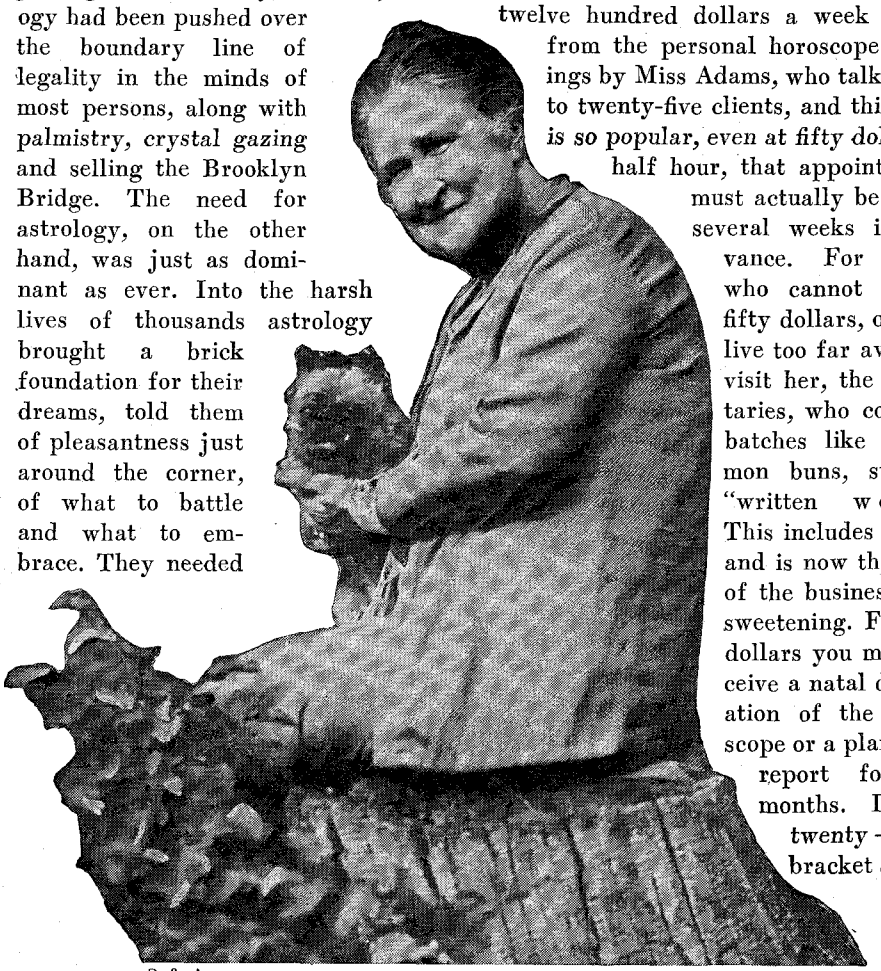
take a case to court on a particular day, whether to sign a contract or free lance, whether to marry, separate or divorce, and most important of all, exactly when they should do it, a system that has worked beautifully because clients return and return.

All this results from her magnificent gusto, her constant clutching for wider work, for greater fields, for more and more life. Every day she secludes herself to read quietly for an hour during which nobody and nothing is important enough for interruption. Once that is over, she rushes from client to client, writing articles, preparing written answers to questions, broadcasting, dining out, listening always, going to theatres, attending parties, as social a creature as the most popular debutante of the season. Only on week-ends does she relax, leaving her New York apartment in Carnegie Hall, for her country place at Yorktown in Westchester county, where she and her husband have converted an old Quaker meeting house into a charming home, as American as the Adams family itself. There Currier & Ives prints hang boldly on the walls, with Sandwich glass on the tables and hooked rugs patterned brilliantly against the floors. Friends and dogs fill the rooms, the conversation hopping from gossip to science, the theatre, books and, above all, psychology.

At this moment Evangeline Adams is acknowledged the foremost astrologer of the country, and, it should be added, the strongest force for the regeneration of astrology as a science. Her words bear weight. She is an Adams. She is obviously a New England product, although born in Jersey City, N. J. She is a plain person, a thrifty woman. It all appeals. There is no foreign nonsense.

The rise of these two, Adams and Astrology, has been remarkable, particularly when one realizes the state of both about thirty-five years ago in the United States. Miss Adams had just abandoned palmistry which she had studied under the famous Cheiro, for astrology, taught her by Dr. A. Heber Smith, then a professor at Boston University. She was poor, unknown. Astrology was not much better situated. It, too, was poor, but well-known and disliked. It had no dignity, no prestige in this country—nothing but an ancient and once honorable name.

Astrology was old when Daniel faced the lions, its methods never changing from the days of the royal Chaldean astrologers who forecast by the stars the fate of their princes. It had only grown more precise as new civilizations developed its child, astronomy. By the beginning of this century, however, astrology had been pushed over the boundary line of legality in the minds of most persons, along with palmistry, crystal gazing and selling the Brooklyn Bridge. The need for astrology, on the other hand, was just as dominant as ever. Into the harsh lives of thousands astrology brought a brick foundation for their dreams, told them of pleasantness just around the corner, of what to battle and what to embrace. They needed this information to keep on living. To get it, meant a secret trip, usually to a dismal, dirty studio, a false name hastily decided upon, and then a half hour for a few dollars of hearing what one wanted to hear. This bootlegging was most unsatisfactory.



P & A

Evangeline Adams changed all that. No longer is astrology quietly practiced with the fees small, the trade uncertain, and the police a menace outside the door. Now the police have disappeared, the trade arrives in expensive cars, and the fees are large. It is organized, marvelously businesslike. With about twenty assistants, Miss Adams and George E. Jordan, Jr., her husband, manage a growing concern which yields them an income a little over $50,000. To do this required promotion, with the rôle taken here by Mr. Jordan, a tall man with a smart moustache, a diamond stick-pin and a determined charm. In his walnut office at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Jordan's desk holds four telephones, and it is from that desk that he directs the enterprises now entangled with the stars.

From an advertising agency comes a large check for the broadcasts. About twelve hundred dollars a week comes from the personal horoscope readings by Miss Adams, who talks only to twenty-five clients, and this time is so popular, even at fifty dollars a half hour, that appointments must actually be made several weeks in advance. For those who cannot afford fifty dollars, or who live too far away to visit her, the secretaries, who come in batches like cinnamon buns, suggest "written work." This includes much, and is now the bulk of the business, the sweetening. For ten dollars you may receive a natal delineation of the horoscope or a planetary report for six months. In the twenty-dollar bracket are the planetary reports for one year or the planetary indications for five years. The Astrological Monthly Bulletins are offered at twelve dollars a year. With these at your side, and the Adams motto, "Character Is Destiny," in your heart, you should be successful.

The natal delineation, to quote a leaflet, "assists in further understanding the inborn aptitudes manifesting themselves, and latent possibilities." The planetary indications "outline the big swings on life by which all successful men and women set their sails to the fullest capacity, and with willingness, supreme confidence and self-control through intelligent non-resistance guide themselves and their ambition through the path of life." The planetary reports, "serving as a daily guide in business, health, domestic and social matters, point out the most auspicious periods for asking favors, for inaugurating new ventures, planning social functions, as well as when to travel, when

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The Year of Recovery

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE consensus of business observers now is that 1931 will bear somewhat the same relation to 1930 that 1922 bore to 1921. This means that we may expect moderate improvement throughout the year. Yet, if all these commentators are right, the number of things which must be done before there can be a full revival is practically unlimited.

Here is a partial list of the developments which, according to various authorities, are indispensable to the restoration of prosperity: prices must be stabilized; prices must rally from their present lows; wage-scales must be maintained; wages must be readjusted to the lower price level; foreign trade must be stimulated; foreign competition must be curbed; the banks must adopt a more liberal credit policy; people must pay off their debts; taxes must be reduced; the national, state and local governments must spend more on construction; we must go back to first principles of hard work and thrift; we need to spend more and save less; we must loosen the fetters of the gold standard; the world's supply of gold must be redistributed so as to safeguard the gold standard; we must curtail production to prospective consumption; we must increase consumption to meet our enlarged productive capacity.

Collectively, these make up a contradictory and impossible program, and yet something may be said for all of these proposals. Each one fits some phase of the general economic situation. The error lies in offering any one or two of them as a remedy for conditions which are infinitely complicated.

We may consider, for example, the question of prices. It would undoubtedly be beneficial if the price level were more stable than it has been recently, and yet if all prices were to remain where they now are for any considerable period the results would be disastrous for many basic industries. Raw sugar has been selling at a cent and a half a pound, and rubber has been selling around eight cents. Such prices are ruinous. It is little wonder that lawless bands have been burning cane fields in Cuba and that East Indian natives have been cutting down rubber trees and planting rice in their place.

Meantime, the prices of some finished goods are still higher than is justified by the present prices of raw materials. Hence, when we speak of the desirability of stabilization, what we really have in mind is not the immediate stabilization of all prices at existing levels, but a completion of the readjustment and an end of disturbing fluctuations.

The progress of business recovery will thus be a mixed movement. Signs are multiplying that this recovery is at last under way. Available data indicate that the bottom may have been reached about the middle of last December. One trade journal calls the improvement since then "disappointingly gradual," but it is better that it should be slow and sure than that general business should get off to a false start, as it did at the beginning of 1930, and then have a disappointing relapse. Some lines of trade and industry will probably continue to show recessions as others move forward, but even if the improvement is slow and irregular, we ought soon to reach a point where comparisons of 1931 with 1930 will present a more pleasant picture than that long list of disagreeable comparisons of 1930 with 1929.

A QUESTION which is receiving increasing attention at this time is what effect the unfavorable agricultural situation may have on the progress of business recovery. It is obvious that the condition of the farmers cannot improve as quickly as that of the merchants and manufacturers. The farmers must wait on their next crops, and so any material change in their situation will be delayed until autumn. The final outcome for them will depend on the weather in coming months, on the prices of farm products at harvest time, and on crop conditions in other parts of the world. These are factors which no one can forecast.

By midsummer it will probably be possible to estimate how the farmers are going to come out this year. The winter wheat crop will then be coming to market, and the condition of other crops and the approximate prices they will bring will be known.

The relation between farm conditions and general business is not so simple and direct, however, as it sometimes appears to be. According to the Department of Agriculture, farm production in 1930, in spite of a prolonged drought in some sections, was only 5 per cent less than in 1929. But because of the precipitous drop in the prices of farm products the farmers' total income was about 28 per cent less last year than in 1929. If the farmers are to come through in good shape this year they will need something more than good crop weather. So far the decline in the prices of what they sell has not been offset by a corresponding drop in the prices of what they have to buy. If they are to prosper, agricultural prices must go up or retail prices must come down. And this brings us back to the problem of price adjustments, already discussed.

NOW comes another interesting question. Suppose the farmers should have another bad year; will that block the improvement of general business? In the long run, general prosperity would seem to be impossible if an industry so fundamental as agriculture should remain depressed. For a short period, however, it may be possible to have business improvement in spite of unfavorable conditions in agriculture. This is not mere theory; we actually experienced such a condition in 1928 and 1929, and the researches of economic historians show that such contrasting movements over short periods are not uncommon.

Since the War agriculture has had much less than its share of the country's prosperity, and it is now evident that its persistent depression had much to do with halting the expansion of trade in 1929-30. The country could not remain indefinitely half-prosperous and half-depressed. On the other hand, as we have already seen, the improvement during the coming months may be mixed, and it is quite possible for a good start to be made in many lines of business even if this should prove to be another bad year for the farmers. Something like this happened when the country began to recover from the previous period of depression, in 1920-21.

There is good reason to conclude, therefore, that if crops and the prices of farm products do not come up to hopes in 1931 we may still have a substantial improvement in trade and industry, because agricultural conditions are not the sole influence. Obviously, if the farmers have a good year the progress will rest on a firmer foundation, but with our great abundance of liquid capital and the great backlog of postponed consumption the economic status of this country seems destined for early betterment.

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Evangeline Adams and Her Stars

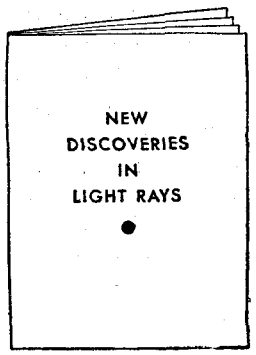
(Continued from Page 259)

to make new friends, when to avoid misunderstandings, when it will be necessary to give more than usual attention to health, and also when it would be well to utilize your time for routine work alone." Of all of these naturally the last is the most in demand.

Astrology surely has assisted Evangeline Adams to make her dreams come true. When she began, this daughter of George and Harriet Elizabeth (Smith) Adams, distantly related to the distinguished Adams family, she had her mother to support. About 1896 she opened her first studio at the Copley Hotel in Boston, not far from the Back Bay station. There for two dollars a visit, she charted the horoscopes of her clients, and when she had collected enough money, she moved to New York where inevitably she ran into the law which classed her profession as disorderly. At length she was prosecuted, coming before Judge Freschi in the City Magistrates Court for violation of Section 889 of the Criminal Code, the decision, being handed down on Dec. 11, 1914, that Evangeline Adams was acquitted of "pretending to tell fortunes." This case brought her further prominence, but she continued her busy, absorbed, yet placid way until her marriage in 1923 at the Little Church Around the Corner. With Mr. Jordan came big business methods, steel files, and system.

No matter through what path a reporter reaches Miss Adams, the interviews turn out as alike as one griddle cake to another. These interviews are delightful, taking place in her shabby Carnegie Hall studio which she has occupied for more than twenty years. Smeared with Oriental scrolls and curios, headed by a rampant herd of elephants which roam all over the place, the room manages to retain an air of Boston. In the midst of this, at her desk is Miss Adams, big-bodied, her horn-rimmed glasses dividing the rills of her wrinkles. Hers is a massive face, weathered, wise, pleasant, with powerful jaw and nose. Her eyes are blue, her hair mannish, salt and pepper, and her clothes are extremely feminine. Before the interview proper, she chats, and then suddenly starts to cast her visitor's horoscope. Soon she is telling all manner of pleasant things. Too quickly for the interviewer, interested violently in himself, the time is up and he leaves with hasty appreciation, all the questions unanswered but with a load of pamphlets, typewritten sheets, copies of

(Please Turn to Page 263)



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This scientific discovery was made in the Basic Science Research Laboratory of the University of Cincinnati. Its utilization by the public in food and other products will be made possible through an alliance between General Foods Corporation and the University of Cincinnati, to be known as General Development Laboratories, Inc.

Applications of the new discovery indicate far-reaching effects in the food industry. It can be used to add Vitamin D in definitely controllable quantities to many food and pharmaceutical products. It can be used for sterilization in the prevention of food spoilage. Organisms causing fermentation, yeast moulds and similar foes to preservation of foods yield to the new light treatment methods.

The detailed story of "selective irradiation"—its discovery, its application, its possibilities—is told in a booklet just published, "New Discoveries in Light Rays." We believe this booklet will be of interest not only to the food industry, but also to the public generally. It will be sent to any interested person free upon request.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Top of Column

HIGH lights in the business news as this issue goes to press are the record-breaking industrial insurance and pension plan announced by Standard Oil of New York for its 45,000 employees; the adverse report on the eastern railroad consolidation plan made to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee by its chief counsel, William C. Green; and the entrance of the Eastman Kodak Company into large-scale production of cellulose acetate yarns for the textile trades.

The Standard Oil transaction is the largest of the kind ever undertaken by a private corporation. The company will pay 75 per cent of the premium, at a cost of close to $10,000,000 a year, and will retire its men employees at 65, and women employees at 55, on part pay. Retirement benefits will be irrevocable.

Counsel Green contends that "there is no reasonable evidence that the weak road problem will be solved by a policy of consolidation." Senator Couzens of Michigan, chairman of the Senate Committee, continues to oppose the Hoover consolidation plan on the ground that the elimination of competition would not result in economies for either the railroads or the public.

The Eastman Kodak Company has been marketing cellulose acetate since 1909 in the form of safety film base. Through its sudsidiary, the Tennessee Eastman Corporation, it will begin immediate construction of an enlarged plant at Kingsport, with a capacity of 2,500,000 pounds of yarn annually. Just how increased production of rayon will help the textile trades at this time is a poser, but the Eastman management must have a reason. It may have struck into a new and promising vein of demand.

Bethlehem Bulletin

PERSEVERING chaps, those Bethlehem boys. The McClintic-Marshall merger seems to have gone more smoothly than the Youngstown affair, but the motto is evidently "Never say die," even in regard to Youngstown. The attorneys have filed a bill of exceptions to the decision of Judge David G. Jenkins enjoining the Bethlehem-Youngstown consolidation, and the next step will be the filing of a petition in error. The bill of exceptions comprises 79 volumes of typewritten matter and photostatic copies of exhibits, and the testimony fills 21 volumes.

The McClintic-Marshall development marks the entrance of the Mellon interests into the Bethlehem picture. The Mellons have held, for some time, a controlling interest in McClintic-Marshall, and it is likely that R. B. Mellon, brother of the Secretary of the Treasury, will be made a director of Bethlehem.

In payment for the McClintic-Marshall properties, Bethlehem will give 240,000 shares of its common stock and $8,200,000 of 4½ per cent serial notes maturing in ten equal series annually, beginning January 1, 1932. It will also assume liability for McClintic-Marshall bonds now outstanding in the amount of $12,000,000.

This move brings Bethlehem one step nearer its objective, which is to build up an organization that will be a real rival of United States Steel. The McClintic-Marshall unit will serve Bethlehem in the same way that the American Bridge Company has served the Steel Corporation—as an outlet for the marketing of structural steel.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) February 5—76.4. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) February 5—67.1.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended January 24—715,690 cars (reduction of 10,248 under preceding week and of 146,656 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended January 31—47% of capacity (increase of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 29% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended January 31—daily average gross 2,085,950 barrels (reduction of 24,650 under preceding week and of 509,050 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended February 5—$8,532,933,000 (increase of 9.4% over preceding week; reduction of 25.4% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended February 5—676 (increase of 17 over preceding week and of 57 over same week of 1930).

Shipping Ahoy!

THERE may have been some such thing as a depression during 1930, but the world's shipbuilders were too busy to verify the rumor. According to Department of Commerce figures, merchant vessels launched during 1930 showed a larger tonnage than for any year since 1921. The launchings totaled 2,889,000 gross tons, an increase over 1929 of 96,000 tons.

The United States yards launched 208,361 gross tons on the Atlantic coast and 32,675 on the Great Lakes. This more than doubled the 1929 output, and brought the United States up from fifth to second place in the world's rating. Great Britain and Ireland, in spite of losing 44,000 tons as compared with 1929, succeeded in holding first place.

In his annual report to the American Steamship Owners' Association, President H. B. Walker said that shipbuilding was the only major American industry to show a marked increase during 1930 in the number of men employed. Mr. Walker is a strong advocate of federal legislation to aid the construction of ships to be used strictly for cargo purposes.

Still More Origins

RESEARCH into the foundations of banking continues. The latest contribution is *Sixty Years of Branch Banking in Virginia* (Macmillan $2) by George T. Starnes, associate professor of economics in the University of Virginia.

Before the Civil War all of our banks, with the exception of the short-lived First and Second Banks of the United States, were established under state charters. Very little has been written about banking developments in these early days, and it is fortunate that Professor Starnes chose to delve into the banking history of Virginia, where branch banking reached a high state of development long before many of the other states made a trial of the system.

In the main, says Professor Starnes, branch banking in Virginia has worked well. No incorporated Virginia bank failed and no man ever lost a dollar on a Virginia bank note until the banks were engulfed in the general ruin caused by the Civil War. In the adoption of banking principles to suit Virginia conditions little was developed that was new; at the same time, disastrous experimentation, under which other states suffered so much, was avoided.

The chief characteristics of the system were broad regulations, liberal powers, freedom of action and few restrictions. The final result was a banking system which merited and won the entire confidence of the people.

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...e Adams and Her Stars

(Continued from Page 261)

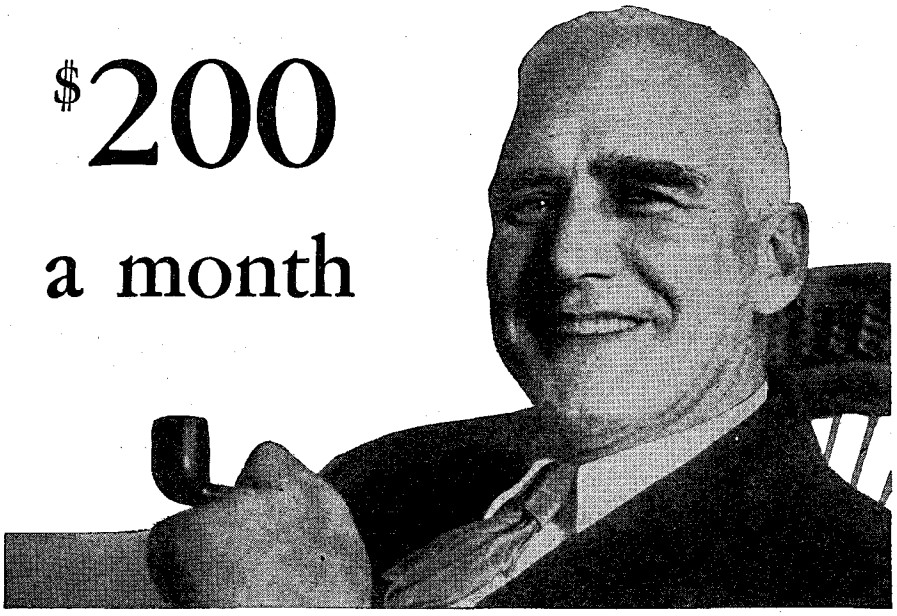
old interviews, and the stock mimeographed biography.

There is nothing psychic about casting a horoscope. Miss Adams has nothing up her sleeve. Since astrology is that science which describes the influence of the heavenly bodies upon worldly affairs and upon human character and life, Miss Adams begins by discovering the state of the heavens at the moment of birth. The mechanical details take her no longer than it does a grocer to add up your morning's purchases. A horoscope, it must be understood, is a map which indicates the position of the sun, moon and seven planets in relation to the earth and the Zodiac for any given moment of time. With the hour, date and place of birth known, she sets to work. As everything in modern astrology is computed from Greenwich time, the American horoscope must be corrected with the aid of that invaluable little booklet known as Raphael's Astronomical Ephmeris which gives the exact positions of the sun, moon and planets for every day in the year of every year. With that process finished, she fills in the houses of birth for which she must know the hour of birth. Each house stands for certain characteristics, the third, for example for brothers and sisters, mentality and short journeys. The fifth house is for children, speculations and amusements, a grouping that is not original with Miss Adams, the Babylonians having thought that out.

With the chart completed, the first portion ends. The diagnosis follows. Reduced to its simplest form, the astrologer then figures the sign rising at birth, and then the relationship between this sign and the sun. Synthesizing these, she finds out the personality and the character of the client, modified by the influence of the other planets.

There is no doubt that Miss Adams has contributed much. She has been the leading legalizer of the profession. She has contributed horary astrology which takes into consideration the chart of the heavens at the moment of answering the questions of her clients. Her greatest contribution, however, lies in the fact that she has brought this science far in human consciousness since now weekly several thousand persons write letters to her, just a few of the millions who listen to her broadcasting. She is a powerful influence, maligned by some as a sucker-grabber, faker, and racketeer, but to many she is faith and hope—Evangeline Adams of Carnegie Hall.

How you can retire on $200 a month



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The income begins at any age you say—55, 60 or 65. It can be any amount you wish—$100 a month, $200, $300, or more.

This life income is unconditionally guaranteed to you by the Phoenix Mutual, a 79-year-old company with assets of over 135 million dollars.

A business man recently asked us questions about the Plan. Here are his questions and our answers: "A Retirement Income takes care of me, but suppose my wife outlives me. How can I be sure she will not be without money?"

"That can be taken care of. The income can be made to continue as long as either you or your wife lives."

"Suppose I should be killed suddenly by some accidental means."

"Your wife would receive double the amount of cash or double the income received in the event of natural death."

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"Shortly after you became totally and permanently disabled, the company would pay you a monthly income. This income would continue as long as your disability lasted."

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It guarantees when you are 60
A Monthly Income for life of $200, which assures a return of at least $20,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live, or, if you prefer, a Cash Settlement of $27,000.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 60
A Monthly Income of $200. Plans for retirement at age 55 or 65 are also available.

"How much does a Retirement Income cost?"

"That depends upon your present age and upon the amount of income you want to retire on. A Retirement Income does not have to be paid for all at once. It is purchased on the installment plan. The payments are usually spread out over a period of years. This makes the payments comparatively small."

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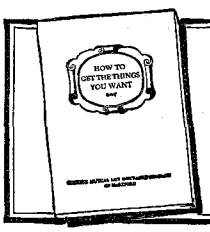

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▸▸ Oil Spoils Venezuela's Siesta ◂◂

By T. R. YBARRA

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

TEN years ago people in Venezuela talked coffee. They talked cocoa. They talked cattle-raising. They talked gold-mining, and, of course, politics. Nowadays they still talk of those things—not, however, until they have dealt with something else which has suddenly made coffee, cocoa, cattle, gold, politics, and all that used to bulk large in Venezuelan minds, its humble and obsequious satellites.

Oil! That is what is foremost today in Venezuelan thoughts. That is what is making Caracas, Venezuela's fair capital, a "boom" town. That is what has caused a new aristocracy to arise in the Venezuelan Republic, a caste whose members have become rich and powerful through ownership or part-ownership or traffic in oil-wells and oil machinery and oil concessions. That is what has brought foreigners, Americans included, in large numbers to Venezuela and caused handsome residences to spring up and fine roads to be built and modernity in many forms to blossom luxuriantly. That is what is moving conservative Venezuelans to shake their heads in apprehension about the future and murmur: "Oil may calm water, but it certainly brings anything but calm to land!"

Ten years ago the oil business in Venezuela was in its infancy. There had been talk for years of rich deposits around Maracaibo, in western Venezuela—indeed, some had already been found and prospectors were at work trying to locate more. Few people, however, thought very seriously about it. The idea that Venezuela might become one of the leading oil-producing countries in the world seemed no better than a madman's dream.

Then the situation changed suddenly and dramatically. Oil began to pour, literally, out of the ground in Venezuela. On the shores of that inlet of the Caribbean known as the Lake of Maracaibo gushers hurled into the air huge volumes of the fluid which modern demands have made so precious. In 1921, Venezuela's oil production, which, but four years earlier, had totaled a modest 120,000 barrels, had leaped to more than twelve times that figure—nearly, 1,500,000 barrels. Two years later it was three times as much.

Yet that was only the beginning. It is within the last five years that Venezuelan production has jumped to the phenomenal, placing Venezuela next to the very top in oil supremacy. By 1925 the figures for 1923—which had seemed amazing to those who read them—had been hopelessly outstripped. Venezuela's production for 1925 was nearly 20,000,000 barrels. Within another year that total was almost doubled. In 1927 64,000,000 barrels came out of Venezuela. That moved her from fourth to third place on the list, at the expense of Russia. Only the United States and Mexico remained ahead of Venezuela.

In 1928 Mexico also was forced to bow to this upstart in the oil realm. Having continued on her sensational career in oil production, Venezuela found herself in second place, with Mexico behind.

The United States is still an enormous distance in the lead among the oil-producing countries of the world. She produces no less than 72 per cent of the entire world output. Venezuela, now her nearest rival, has only succeeded, despite the phenomenal increase of her production during the last few years, in extracting from her soil a fraction over 5 per cent of the world's output. Russia and Mexico are also credited with a fraction over 5 per cent—but the fraction in their case is less than that of Venezuela.

So the United States has no need to worry about being ousted from her supremacy, since she still supplies more than twelve times as much oil as the newcomer in South America. Nevertheless, when considered independently of North America, Venezuela's record within the last decade has been nothing short of sensational.

The Lake of Maracaibo, around which most of Venezuela's oil deposits are found, is a body of water connected with the Caribbean by a narrow strait. This is both a boon and a handicap to the oil producers—a boon because the lake affords such easy access from the gushers to the sea, and a handicap because its entrance is so shallow that only vessels of small draught can get in and out of it. As a result, the great bulk of the Venezuelan oil output is not refined in Venezuela itself but taken on light vessels from the shores of the Maracaibo Lake to the Dutch West Indies, where, after being refined, it is loaded onto ocean-going tankers of normal draught and distributed over the world.

Dutch oil interests, which are highly important in Venezuela, ship what they extract from Venezuelan soil to the Dutch island of Curaçoa, only a few hours' steaming from Lake Maracaibo. There they have constructed expensive refineries and turned a sleepy little replica of Holland into a pushing and energetic oil town worthy of a place in California or Oklahoma. American oil interests have established a big refinery on the Dutch island of Aruba, likewise only a short distance from the Venezuelan coast.

Aside from the fact that Curaçoa and Aruba are accessible to vessels of normal draught, they have another advantage which has not failed to impress the oil magnates who have built refineries on these two islands. Were these refineries in Venezuela, they would be exposed to the risks incident to revolution, which all businesses must run when they are within the territory of a Latin-American country. On the other hand, such risks vanish in the case of territory under the jurisdiction of Holland.

Hence, on the islet of Aruba, black smoke is being belched from American-built chimneys and a model American town is arising, peopled by a little army of oil executives and workers, where, before, there was little beyond an occasional huddle of fishermen's huts. And the spectacular leap forward of Venezuela in the oil world has wrought equally striking transformation on the extremely picturesque island of Curaçoa.

A few years ago within its gabled houses, its inhabitants dozed away their lives, content with the modicum of trade brought them by vessels plying to and from nearby Venezuela and faraway North America and Europe.

Now, however, the proximity of Venezuela, home of the world's latest oil "boom," has galvanized Curaçoa into activity. Oil storage tanks, crowning hill-slopes above its harbor, are the most conspicuous landmarks in the scenery. Around the oil refineries lining its inner harbor an entirely new town has sprung into being, inhabited by workmen employed by the big Dutch oil company that exploits a large part of Venezuela's oil fields. Siestas have become a minor matter in Curaçoa—like coffee and cocoa and cattle and gold and politics in Venezuela.

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▶▶ A Football House Cleaning ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

INSTEAD of "giving football back to the boys," the University of Pennsylvania has handed it over to the professors!

In placing Pennsylvania athletics on a strictly academic basis, President Thomas Gates, former partner of J. P. Morgan, set in motion a reform wave which may revolutionize the structure of intercollegiate football. That so radical a reorganization should emanate from Old Penn—a college previously committed to sports staged in the grand manner—is doubly surprising. It was the one quarter from which so drastic a shake-up was least expected.

The University of Pennsylvania, or rather its Council on Athletics, symbolized in the minds of gridiron followers all that is implied by that nebulous term "football over-emphasis." Penn stressed gridiron pageantry. Its enterprising alumni combed prep. schools for promising football material. Its players were generously treated in the matter of athletic scholarships and remunerative jobs. Its coaches commanded lavish salaries. Its teams traveled de luxe to the Pacific Coast and Middle West. Its double-decked stadium was frequently jammed to capacity, crowds of 70,000 being attracted by contests with such colorful rivals as Illinois, Harvard, California, Cornell, Navy, Pittsburgh, and Notre Dame. Its squads were given vacations at such luxurious beach resorts as Seaview, Absecon, and Atlantic City. Pennsylvania conducted protracted spring practice and assembled football candidates at a seashore camp for pre-season conditioning workouts. It segregated football players in the elaborate Franklin Field House, and maintained a substantial training table and, in short, emphasized football to the nth degree without violating any provision of the intercollegiate code.

Now, by a few strokes of Tom Gates' dynamic pen, all this has been changed overnight. Pennsylvania emerges as an athletic Utopia—the embodiment of everything the Carnegie Foundation dared to hope for in the way of football idealism. It seems almost too good to be true, but wait till the Penn alumni are heard from.

Boiled down to its essentials, the Gates plan provides that all sports shall be under the jurisdiction of a newly created Department of Physical Education, administered by Dean LeRoy Mercer, a former Pennsylvania football star who is now director of athletics at Swarthmore.

Henceforth, every athletic coach will be a member of the faculty, a status calling for a scale of salaries equivalent to those paid professors of Latin, Physics, Engineering, etc. No concessions or special privileges will be accorded athletes in the way of scholarships, part-time jobs and financial aid. Training tables will be abolished. The segregation of football players in "team dormitories" will no longer be tolerated. "Recuperative week-ends" at seashore resorts or country clubs will be discontinued. This means goodbye to those pleasant vacations at Absecon which the football squads used to enjoy on the eve of important games. You sometimes wondered how the boys made up their classroom absences.

SPRING football practice is taboo under the Gates Plan, as is the summer camp get-together in September. Recruiting of prep. school athletes by over-zealous alumni will be vigorously discouraged under the new régime. Academic standards will be rigorously enforced, a committee of five faculty members deciding questions which involve athletic eligibility.

Intersectional football games may be scheduled only at the discretion of President Gates. All coaches are responsible to Dean LeRoy Mercer of the Physical Education Department, who in turn is responsible to the chief executive. Thus athletics become an integral part of the university organization instead of comprising a separate little kingdom under a czaristic director or graduate manager who is not directly responsible or amenable to the college administration. You can readily see how significant is this radical change in policy.

The Gates program requires that all schedules and athletic budgets be approved by the president of the university, who has veto power. For the first time in the history of the collegiate sport, university authorities will actually arrange schedules, negotiate with rival colleges, engage and discharge coaches, supervise box office receipts and control athletic disbursements.

Since Pennsylvania has cleaned house, the epigram attributed to Coach Dobie of Cornell has lost any validity it may have had. He is supposed to have said: "My job is to make football players out of students, whereas Penn must make students out of football players." In the light of the Gates upheaval, that sarcastic dig has an ironic ring. Cornell's standards of amateurism are beyond cavil, but the Ithaca university might be called a hotbed of football over-emphasis compared to this idealized régime at Pennsylvania.

What will be the consequences of the Gates reform bill? Inevitably, it means the decline of Pennsylvania as a football power of the first rank. Tutored by a comparatively low salaried coach, limited as to practice time, deprived of those natural athletes who were attracted by scholarship appointments and opportunities for self-help, Quaker elevens can scarcely be expected to maintain their former proud place in the gridiron parade. How can they compete on equal terms with opponents not similarly restricted?

Presumably, Pennsylvania will modify its schedules to fit this venture in idealism. Games will be arranged only with colleges which hold a somewhat similar attitude toward sports. Cornell, with its uncompromising scholastic requirements and afternoon laboratory sessions, is in that class.

HITHERTO the Big Three have led the way in football reform. They sponsored the "three year rule" which curbed the tramp athlete evil. They banned freshmen from varsity elevens. They blacklisted "transfers" on the gridiron —thus striking a blow at the shoddy business of recruiting athletes. So far, no colleges but Harvard, Yale and Princeton have adopted this safeguard. The Big Three likewise pioneered in the matter of limiting coaches' salaries to $8,000—a figure attained by one or two professors. The triple alliance also curtailed fall practice, forbidding workouts prior to November 15.

At Cambridge, New Haven and Princeton the trend is toward further deflation of "gridiron commercialism." Princeton has discontinued spring practice. Harvard, seriously considering the same move, has made April attendance voluntary. Bingham has cut Harvard's schedule to seven games in 1932—the exact number Princeton now plays.

(Please Turn to Page 275)

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

THE four novels read this week tie up together in all sorts of odd ways, and two of them at least can be connected by scraps of hint and trains of thought started and bits of memory to the book of serious criticism. The novels are *The Light That Never Was* by Katherine Fullerton Gerrould (Scribner's $2), *House Party* by G. M. Delafield (Harper $2.50), *Reader, I Married Him,* by Anne Green (Dutton $2.50), all by women, and *This Our Exile* by David Burnham (Scribner's $2.50), the first novel of a very young man.

Mrs. Gerrould's novel is, like all her work, clever, dry, finished, heartless. It has to do with the particular bump in true love's course caused by the thoroughly self-deceived young heroine's wish for Romance, pure and enduring, "the light that never was." There is more than a trace in this novel of the older woman trying to figure out why the young ones act as they do, and a suggestion of quite comprehensible mockery. The young romantics are as unreal as possible. Mrs. Gerrould endows them with minds as subtle and profound as any elderly and widely experienced philosophers and puts into their mouths dialogue that would not shame Whistler and Wilde. That never was, either, but it's amusing to read.

E. M. Delafield in *House Party* handles also a trifling situation. But she is less portentous in manner, writes more easily and creates perfectly credible characters. Her story has to do with the situation which develops inevitably out of a domineering and selfish social climber's determination to keep her son by her first husband from falling in love with her second husband's daughter by his first wife! Given the possibility for many and peculiar relatives which such a family tie offers, their dislikes, habits and tastes all at cross purposes, their objectives varied as the seasons, you have the ingredients for a well spiced dish. Miss Delafield's characters are very real. Her dialogue is bright but at the same time natural. Indeed naturalness, spontaneity and gentle amusement are the chief qualities of her book.

Anne Green is a delightfully unmoral person. Her book should shock the reverent from the title, with all the weight of Jane Eyre's noble, single-mindedness behind it, to the final situation which is far from delicate. It is a very amusing book which your reviewer liked better than *The Selbys,* although it has no single scene as amusing as several of the Anglo-French scenes in the earlier novel, although the setting and the heroine are pretty much the same. Here we have the irrepressible daughter of a charming American ne'er-do-weel in Paris, who gets herself into considerable trouble by trying to help along her love affair with a little magic, black and white. There are intrigues, financial crises, left-bank literary movements, salons full of lions, American Trocadero apartments—most of the things that make the charm of modern Paris for those who love her for her present rather than for her past—for this novel is astonishingly "present-day." There are qualities of speed, confusion, trivial individualism, instability and occultism stirred into its writing which give a book whose only function is to entertain, an extra significance. Such a novel as this is a pointer.

From the jacket of "Gardener of Evil" by Pierre Loving (Brewer and Warren)

So is *This Our Exile.* Young Mr. Burnham has real talent for the creation of character and of suspense. He writes good, straightforward narrative that holds the interest. He should make a solid, sober novelist. He is of the Reportorial School, with a memory (for it cannot be imagination) which enables him to describe scenes object by object and report conversations verbatim. He gives a really striking picture of life among those complicated, talented, curious and neurotic people who are the intelligent rich of America. His novel centers around the long illness and the death of Ralph Eaton, a Chicago banker, whose son is narrator of the story. The agony of suspense and the insistent detail of these scenes give the novel a depressing quality. At least this reviewer found it most depressing, partly because it is so vivid. The dreadful haze of uncertainty and of impermanence cast over life by the long illness and the death of a person in the prime of life and at the very hub of a family has a blighting effect on the lives most nearly touched. *This Our Exile* is a pointer to contemporary life and thought through the remarkable accuracy with which the points of view of the old and new generation are recorded. Some of the funniest conversations in the novel are, as

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pointers, among the most significant. You will learn more about the younger generation from this novel than from the average nasty, blaring, wise-cracking college humor fiction.

And you will see exactly how these novels can be tied up to a volume of exacting, brilliant criticism such as Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* (Scribner's $2.50). Your reviewer, enjoying influenza, is unfit at the moment to show you how they connect. But therein should be the pleasure of your own reading. Edmund Wilson's criticism is perfectly lucid and perfectly easy to follow. It will add about fifty per cent to your enjoyment of your reading in contemporary fiction, because there is scarcely any good contemporary fiction that has not been greatly influenced by the subject of which Mr. Wilson writes. You need not agree with his whole point of view. We don't agree with more than two-thirds of it. But the good critic should make arguments, not followers. That is the trouble with criticism in America, or rather with the effect of criticism (the trouble with criticism is that, by and large, it has no standards). The trouble with the effect is that readers—and writers and reviewers—find it necessary to accept everything that their particular critic or school of criticism says as gospel. Every good piece of criticism which you read should be a match touched to your own package of firecrackers—not a band playing that you have to fall in behind and march to. Try *Axel's Castle* as a mental stimulant. It deals with the movement in romantic imaginative literature which is represented, at its culmination, by Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Proust, Paul Valery, Gertrude Stein and Joyce.

The same movement in its infancy is the theme for *The Gardener of Evil* (Brewer and Warren $2.50), in which Pierre Loving has tried to do with Baudelaire what Maurois did with Shelley in Ariel. He fails. The atmosphere of viede-Boheme Paris is well done, but the characters of the drama never get beyond the rather foolish puppet stage.

—F. L. R.

"LINCOLN, THE MAN" by Edgar Lee Masters (Dodd, Mead $5). Edgar Lee Masters, best known as the author of *Spoon River Anthology,* is quite right in saying that "the time has arrived when his (Lincoln's) apotheosis can be touched with the hand of rational analysis"; but his way of stating it gives a clue at the very beginning as to the author's trend and bias. Those who believe in Lincoln's greatness as well as his human faultiness will regard Mr. Masters' book not so much as a biography as a prolonged argument that Lincoln was not animated by patriotism and principle, but by politics, ambition and the desire to subordinate the common people to the will of the powerful interests. His "Hebraic-Puritanism" strongly influenced him; he "had luck all his way"; his acts were "against liberty, and so much to the advantage of monopoly and privilege, from his first days in 1832 at New Salem, Illinois, to the end of his life." Again, Mr. Masters is quite right in thinking that there is room for a new, readable biography of Lincoln, for the Nicolay-Hay book is too long and too much documented for the general reader, Beveridge's fine book has been carried only to the end of the Lincoln-Douglas debates (1858), and lesser works are not now satisfactory. But Mr. Masters' five-hundred-page book only reaches the fall of Fort Sumter on page 395, leaving less than a quarter of the volume for Lincoln's acts and words from April 14, 1861, up to his assassination. Not a well-balanced biography surely, as to relative allotment of space. There have been several volumes of biography in the past few years which present fairly the views of the South as to the questions that led to the war, and they have been received with respect and attention. Mr. Masters' exposition of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Compromises of 1820 and 1850, the Dred Scott Decision, the Lincoln-Douglas debates, will also be read with interest; but, frankly, the treatment is rather partisan than judicial. And as to his attitude toward Lincoln, the Man, it is too often snippy and sneery. All through one seems to hear the author saying, "A. Lincoln to the bar!"

"BLACK NAPOLEON" by Percy Waxman (Harcourt Brace $3.50). Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Black Napoleon, as Mr. Waxman calls him in the fine biography just published, died in an ancient fortress in the remote mountain passes of France—destitute, ragged, half-starved, never allowed out of his cell—all by the personal orders of Napoleon Bonaparte, who wrote to the jailer "He has no right to the regard or consideration of humanity." Yet the great Emperor at Elba said to Lar Cases: "I have to reproach myself with the attempt made upon San Domingo in the Consularship. I should have been satisfied to govern the colony through Toussaint L'Ouverture." Born a slave, pure black, ugly of face, never in a school, reading and writing with hesitation, this leader of men like himself freed Santo Domingo from slavery

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Osbert Sitwell's return to the short story was hailed as the fiction event of the English publishing season.

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for ever. He drove English troops from the island, compelled the Spanish in the eastern end of the island to make terms with him, and, when the other Napoleon decided to subdue him he thought it necessary to send a fleet of 86 vessels with 21,000 men. By treachery Toussaint was seized; but France had no easy task to hold the island; yellow fever was the ally of the blacks; the year in which Toussaint died saw the departure of all French troops. Santo Domingo was free of foreign rule forever. The struggle between the governing whites, usually aided by the mulattoes ("men of color" they were called; many of them were rich) and the poor whites, was marked by almost incredible cruelty, torture and slaughter. Toussaint's personal record seems free from this, but Dessaline, his best general, was guilty of frightful massacres. Mr. Waxman tells his story clearly and forcefully. He has a whimsical, ironical turn of comment, and perhaps overworks it a little, but taken as a whole the book has go and dramatic force.—R. D. T.

Among short stories this week we found an interesting group of short tales by T. F. Powys called *The White Paternoster and Other Stories* (Viking Press $2.50). The village characters which his other books have celebrated pursue their crooked and lusty ways with much good dialogue. The stories range from farce to tragedy; there is often a touch of the supernatural as the simple-minded feel it; and all is told from an ironic angle in rich, flowing prose.

Behind the Blurbs

WILHELM MATTENKLODT went out to German Southwest Africa, bought a farm, and settled down just before the war. He fought with the German forces until their surrender, when he was permitted to return to his farm. But he helped two escaped prisoners, and so himself became a fugitive from the British. For four years he lived the life of an outlaw in jungle and veldt, constantly pursued but never caught. *Fugitive in the Jungle*[1] is the story of his adventures. It is simply and vividly told, a South African Odyssey that will hold your interest to the last page. ♣ ♣ ♣ Great goings-on indeed in *The Man Who Made Gold*[2], the new Belloc story with illustrations by Chesterton. Mr. Lexington, professor of electro-chemistry, finds out how to make gold, and goes into partnership with a practical friend, with peculiarly disastrous and Bellocian results. The adventures of these unhappy men, and the satire which sparkles about them, will pass an evening pleasantly for you. ♣ ♣ ♣ We have two good adventure stories to offer you this week, both staged among the streets and ruined

1. Little Brown, $3.00.
2. Harpers, $2.50.

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Two Thieves, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A simple, intense tale of two thieves who lived at the time of Christ. Reviewed February 11.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Festival, by Struthers Burt: Scribner's. A novel clamorous with life, mellow with reflection; itself a sort of fiesta. Reviewed January 28.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

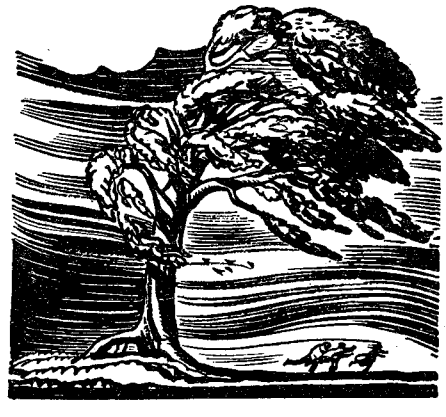
The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

The Mysterious Universe, by Sir James Jeans: Macmillan. A discussion of the shift from a materialistic view to an abstract view of the universe. Reviewed November 26.

temples of a lost civilization. The first is *Cambodian Quest*[3], the story of Anne Abbott, who went out to Indo-China to paint, was mistaken for some one else, and after some very strange doings was kidnaped and whirled off into the jungle



by a mysterious beachcomber. There, in a lost Khmer city, knives and bullets fly about and Love Awakes. ♣ ♣ ♣ The other good one is *House of Darkness*[4], by C. E. Scoggins, who has done this kind of thing before, and very well, too. Five people set out from Belize in an airplane to visit a lost Maya city, set beside a lake in the jungle of Yucatan. The archaeologist, his daughter, the pilot, the mechanic and the Man Who Has Been There Before all hope to get back the same day. But though what happens is just what you expect—the wrecked plane, the long struggle through the pitiless jungle, the treasure and the priest of a forgotten cult—it is an exciting and well written tale by a man who knows the country. ♣ ♣ ♣ There's enough blood in *There's Been Murder Done*[5] to make up for the lack of mystery. There's a prologue called "Nocturne" all about blood. Then a cop finds three dismembered bodies in trunks. There are interludes of hard-boiled cop-talk, dick-talk, prostitute-talk. Then some more blood. And some James Joyce soliloquy. Then a quite unrelated sea voyage. Then more blood, and—oh, well, we can't hand it much. ♣ ♣ ♣ In the 40-odd short essays in Chesterton's new book, *Come To Think of It*[6], there is—to this unjaundiced eye, at least—something of the old sparkle, which has been missing during the past few years. The gusto is only a little dimmed, the freshness only slightly faded. The topics are more current, but even so, we think we'd rather go back and read one of the early ones. Chesterton admirers will like this one, but it will make no new converts. ♣ ♣ ♣ New titles in Everyman's Library: *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann; Literary and Historical Atlas of America;* Eliot's *Middlemarch;* Fielding's *Amelia.* ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Rembrandt Murder*[7] is a good one. Now here was Mr. Goold, murdered at his desk, and the famous Rembrandt gone from its frame. The police were all for arresting Cullen Forbes, who had been trying to get some of his wife's letters back from Goold. But Ross, Criminology Prof., took the trail, and aided by Goold's niece and her boy friend—whose conversation strikes the only flat note in an ingenious and exciting yarn—followed his perfectly logical reasoning to a solution which came to us as a complete surprise. Oh, sure, we should have guessed—but read it yourself, and if you're not surprised in the last chapter, you're a better man than we are, Taj Mahal.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. By Robert J. Casey: Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
4. Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.
5. By K. T. Knoblock: Harper, $2.00.
6. Dodd Mead, $2.50.
7. By Henry James Forman: Smith, $2.00.

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Human Nature

As Seen in Recent Books

A PRECOCIOUS small boy once invented a game called Questions. Pointing a finger toward the nearest member of his family, he would ask, "Do you know?" Then, opening the Youth's Book of Knowledge, he would read aloud random paragraphs from aardvark to Zachariah. Unable to escape, his kin thereby acquired a broad education in irrelevant facts. We suspect that *This Human Nature* by Charles Duff (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) was prepared in somewhat such fashion. It is an industrious compilation of superficially related but always interesting material—a compendium of general information about human beings and their ways. If you are interested in fires, fences, crime, wheels, religions, roads, funerals, commerce, marriage, piracy, prostitution or prophecy, it's all there.

Since *This Human Nature* is written from a sociological rather than an psychological point of view, its values are mainly objective. Mr. Duff views the pageant of history in a detached and somewhat humorous way. He is much more interested in what humanity has done than why it has done what it has. In fact, he has little respect for current efforts to understand the inner life of men. Psychology, he says, "flounders in such a sea of pawky contradictions that were we to take them seriously they would deprive us of mind." The rebuke may be deserved, yet we believe that when the real story of human nature is written we shall have to survey the mental and emotional life of humanity from the inside out, rather than from the outside in, by observing behavior.

Life has continued for hundreds of thousands of years, but human nature has changed only in superficial ways, Mr. Duff contends. War and murder remain; men are lustful in love, dishonest in politics. Slight gains in the ease of living and the more general diffusion of culture count for little since materialism will win over idealism, viewing mankind in the large. For the future it will be as it has been in the past; humanity will go on and on and on, concerned primarily with eating, drinking, sleeping and breeding—everything else "mere extrinsic ornamentation." Surely it must have been the publishers, inspirers of the book, who wrote the ironically happy ending. "So, there is no cause for worry. God will remain in his heaven and all will be right with the world."

A way to recover from this cumulative paean of futilism is to plunge quickly into the *Psychological Exercises* of A. R. Orage (Farrar and Rinehart). If it's true that the brain of Cro-Magnon woman far exceeded that of the average twentieth century man, try to picture her burrowing through this efficient and disciplinary system of mental gymnastics. This book provides a splendid opportunity for a mental spring house-cleaning.

By far the most important recent contribution to psychological literature is *Abnormal Psychology: Its Concepts and Theories,* by H. L. Hollingworth (Ronald Press). Although frankly a text-book, its usefulness will extend far beyond the college classroom to educators, doctors, social workers and others who minister to human needs. *Abnormal Psychology* is a mature and scholarly piece of work; not only an assemblage of facts about mental deviations and disorders, but also a critique of attitudes and methods of treatment. Dr. Hollingworth surveys the problem from those early Biblical days when victims of unfortunate mental states were considered battlefields of conflict between God and Satan and agents of evil were driven out by religious ceremonies, torture by fire or by flogging.

Speaking of the psychological approach, Dr. Hollingworth says that it is the "normal," not the "abnormal," that demands explanation. "The amazing thing is that normal mental development so often proceeds as it does. Instead of inquiring, 'Why is this man a paranoiac, a pervert, an infantile creature, a dissociated personality, an imbecile?' one should exclaim, 'There but for the constellation of innumerable positive influences, go I.' The *positive* thing is to be found in those complex and elusive processes of development and learning, growth, inhibition and organization, that result in the balanced, adjusted personality. When these processes go astray, the psychological account is usually merely the assertion that something has *failed,* something has been *weak, inadequate, injudicious* or *constitutionally inferior.*" Other concepts interpreted by Dr. Hollingworth are the Neuroanatomical, Physiological, and the Psychoanalogical.

As a general guide through the combined maze of modern approaches, we recommend with double stars, Baedeker fashion, *Psychopathology* by J. Ernest Nicole (Dodd, Mead). From massive tomes of psychological theories, full of abstruse terminology and abstract ideas, Dr. Nicole has brought together, with tabloid brevity, essentials in the contributions of Freud, Adler, Jung, Rivers, Watson, Kempf, Berman, Kretschmer and McDougall. Perhaps because it can't be successfully done, he has made no effort to popularize these serious contributions to psychology as a science. But he has rendered a needed service in providing a brief, orderly summary of current points of view which at bottom are not so much contradictory as different, and vital to our understanding of human nature—each in its own way.

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Hessian Peasant Girl

"Going to Europe" means going to

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

THIS week's article about the theatre is going to have to be even more vague and general than usual. It might be devoted to saying, "I told you so," in a variety of ways to the producers of the two plays that opened and are already closed, *In the Best of Families* and *Rock Me, Julie*. Hopeless they were in manuscript form and, in the case of the latter, bad casting only served to hasten the demise of a floundering play. Let's just forget about them.

"What's wrong with the theatre?" is a question so often heard these days, especially from people who have had to see something like the above-mentioned productions, that it occurs to me to answer with a list of a few of the things that are right with it. We are told that there are only about thirty-five playhouses in New York City showing what is sometimes laughingly referred to as the legitimate drama and flesh and blood musical comedies or revues. Well, what of it? Last year at this time there were about fifty, but what were they showing? *Street Scene* was hanging on from the year before; *The Green Pastures* had not yet appeared. *Strictly Dishonorable, June Moon* and *The First Mrs. Fraser* were the comedy hits. *The Criminal Code* and *The Last Mile* were the only native dramas worthy of serious consideration that I can remember. For song and dance you had to be satisfied with a production of *Bitter Sweet* far inferior to the London one, or keep going to *Sweet Adeline* and *Flying High*. Acquaintances of mine often pick on me for being hypocritical. All right, look in the middle of this page; you will see a list of recommended current plays —eighteen of them. Eighteen! In other words, hard to please though I may be, I cannot help liking and recommending over half of the current Broadway shows. Whether it is due to the explosion of Republican prosperity or to the competition of the talkies, it does look as though the producers were being more careful about what they give us. Unemployment is certainly with us, in the theatre, too, but I suspect that the theatrical magnates have given jobs to some people who can read, or possibly they are only just listening to them for a change. The ever growing costs of production and the difficulty of raising the money may have proven to be a good thing after all.

Maybe it's a bit premature to state it as a fact, but another encouraging aspect of the present theatre seems to be a movement to give it back to the people who know something about it and have worked at it long enough to lose their amateur standing. For a time awkwardness, slovenly diction and general incompetence was at a premium and it was deemed fatal to an actor's reputation to let anybody back of the fifth row hear what he was saying. Social prominence or some sort of notoriety were requisites for getting a job. An actor should never give the impression that he did anything on purpose. Casualness was the main thing. This year the smart hits are distinguished as much by the competence of the acting as by the merits of their scripts. The Lunts, Mary Boland, all five of the leads in *Grand Hotel*, and Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence are attracting capacity houses by good acting in good plays. Why, you can even see a Philip Barry play, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, played by professional actors properly cast!

At the moment, too, the scenic designers have attained a mastery of their craft unknown in the past and, at the same time, with the notable exception of the only occasionally productive Norman Bel Geddes, the best of them are doing sets which really fit the plays instead of being only spectacular contraptions which would get a hand when the curtain was raised. Particularly skilful are Robert Edmond Jones, Jo Mielziner, Lee Simonson and Aline Bernstein. How Mr. Mielziner finds time to do the number of sets that he does and have each of them look as though he had worked on it for months, so right are they to the last detail, is one of the greatest mysteries of the contemporary theatre. Black magic probably has something to do with it.

It would be nice, of course, to have the price of tickets reduced along with cloaks and suits and food, but the unions don't show any signs of loosening their strangle-hold on the producers, and that's where the catch comes. There are two places where, however, if you can get in, you can always be assured that you will get your money's worth and a bit over. I refer to the Civic Repertory and the Palace. It is always amusing to contemplate the spectacle of people paying $5.50, plus the speculators' gouge, to see a revue or musical comedy with the same comedian doing the same act with the same gags that we vaudeville addicts saw years ago at the Palace. As I write I've just come back from seeing Phil Baker, Jay Flippen, and Dr. Rockwell all on the same bill! And if it's beautiful girls you want, where will you find them any more so than Leatrice Joy and Barbara Bennet? The management limit themselves now to one acrobatic turn and it is always a good one. *Three's a Crowd*, indeed! Any week at the Palace you'll get more laughs at less than a third of the price and probably hear *Body and Soul* sung better in the bargain.

The news that the Civic Repertory Theatre is going to suspend operations for a year while Miss Eva Le Gallienne meditates and sees what is going on in Europe is certainly bad for those who appreciate interesting plays well done at a reasonable entrance fee. However, as long as she doesn't stay away permanently I don't suppose we should begrudge her a holiday. I know of no one who has more honestly earned one.

Recommended Current Shows

Ballyhoo: Not much in the way of music but W. C. Fields supplies your money's worth in laughs.

Civic Repertory: Camille is being featured now in a beautiful production.

Elizabeth the Queen: Maxwell Anderson's historical drama with the Lunts.

Fine and Dandy: Mainly Joe Cook, but what more do you want?

Five Star Final: Thrilling melodrama about baleful effects of tabloid newspapers.

Girl Crazy: The best music the Gershwins or anybody else have given us this year.

Grand Hotel: Well acted episodic German play.

Oh, Promise Me: Farcical exposé of the breach-of-promise industry for the none too squeamish.

Mrs. Moonlight: For us sentimentalists. Some good laughs, too.

Once in a Lifetime: Irreverent farce at the expense of Hollywood.

On the Spot: Anna May Wong seems to have changed her mind about leaving. Hurray!

Philip Goes Forth: George Kelly's advice to aspiring playwrights. Fine character studies.

Private Lives: Brilliant and skilful writing, acting and directing by Noel Coward, with Gertrude Lawrence.

Sweet and Low: Fannie Brice and James Barton in their old form.

That's Gratitude: Frank Craven's homely comedy.

The Green Pastures: Marc Connelly's Negro miracle play.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry at his best. Herbert Marshall and Zita Johann co-star.

Vinegar Tree: A smart farce with Mary Boland.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"City Lights"

A GOOD many people are going to to find *City Lights*, Charlie Chaplin's first film in three years, as genuinely tragic a picture as they have seen. Technically this quality may be called "pathos," but in this case it is a good deal stronger than that. Even Charlie's most roaringly slapstick episodes end unhappily. Everything he tries goes wrong. Only for brief moments is he victorious, and he is so superlatively convincing an actor, and such an old, old friend of the family, that *City Lights* is anything but a comedy. But as a dramatic creation interspersed with occasional bursts of hilarity, a few wild and a few not so wild, *City Lights* is definitely something to get excited about.

Again Charlie is the shambling and forlorn little tramp of the baggy pants and bamboo cane whose life is a succession of bigger and stronger people. His romance is also unhappy—not because he slips on a banana peel or loses his dignity via a custard pie—but because the lady is a blind flower-girl (Virginia Cherrill). Furthermore, when her sight is restored at the end of the film and she sees him for the first time, she thinks he is the funniest thing alive. Charlie's happier chapters are due to an eccentric millionaire who dresses him in evening clothes, feeds him champagne and takes him to night clubs. Later he gives a party for him at his house. The only catch is that whenever the millionaire sobers up he disowns little Charlie and has him thrown out the front door by the butler. The most convulsingly funny scene is a prize fight in which Charlie wisely hides behind the referee, with the convulsing result that this gentleman takes most of the blows.

Again he is extremely amusing in the night club in which he gets the paper streamers mixed up with his spaghetti. But most of the time you'd feel ashamed of yourself if you laughed. Virginia Cherrill is quite pretty, and does admirably as the blind flower-girl.

Now as to the fact that *City Lights* is a silent film and has only a musical score and sound effects: I don't think that this will make a particle of difference in the film's reception. *City Lights* is much too fine a piece of work to need any of the "back to silent films?" publicity it has received. We are not going back to silent films just because one of the few pantomimists in the world has done a first-rate job. Sound is just as necessary as sight. The old silent films swarmed with bad approximations of sound effects. Even in *City Lights* one of the funniest tricks depends entirely on sound for its effect. During the party Charlie swallows a whistle which insists on whistling every time he breathes. To his distress he finds himself hailing taxis, calling dogs and being generally in the way. This is not "dialogue" of course, but nobody ever said long stretches of talk belonged in a film. Sounds and words do. The musical score is pleasant and melodious, Raquel Meller's song about "Come buy my violets" furnishing most of the inspiration.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Emil Jannings goes backstage to Marlene Dietrich's dressing room and loses his job as high school teacher.

Cimarron: Vigorous and exciting film of early days in Oklahoma, with Richard Dix and Irene Dunne. From Edna Ferber's novel.

The Criminal Code: Life in a penitentiary with Walter Huston as the warden.

Finn and Hattie: Donald Ogden Stewart's book **Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad.** Extremely funny in spots.

Little Caesar: Edward G. Robinson as the big shot from Chicago. Way above the average.

The Royal Family: Wild amusement at the expense of the Barrymore family, with Frederic March as Vitaphone John.

Tom Sawyer: Jackie Coogan returns as Mark Twain's famous small boy.

United Artists

MAN LOOKING AT FOUNTAIN

The beloved Charlie Chaplin as he appears in "City Lights," his first film in three years

Chaplin's Sanctification

Born in London in 1889 of theatrical parents, Chaplin came to the U. S. in 1910, appearing with the Fred Karno vaudeville troupe until 1912, when he joined the Keystone film company at $150 a week. Belying the claims of present-day intellectuals that they "discovered" Chaplin, are tons of clippings from all over the world, proving that by 1915 his own public, his own low-down humble movie public, was simply crazy about him. In 1916 he signed a contract with the Mutual Film Co., for $670,000 for one year's work. At the time it was the largest sum ever paid anybody for anything. Moviegoers thrilled clear down into the plush. This same year he led Sousa's band before a crowd of 6,000 in the Hippodrome in New York, for an actors' benefit. This year, also, he broke the news to reporters that his really-truly-secret-inside ambition was to make a serious film of *Hamlet*, saying at the time that he "particularly admired *Lamb's Tales From Shakespeare.*" In 1916, also, newspapers began talking of "the art of Charlie Chaplin," and club ladies and ministers rushed into print to say that "only low grade persons like to see Chaplin and Pickford." In 1917 he became known as Charlot to enraptured worshipers, and First National offered him $1,000,000 for twelve films, whereupon he agreed to do eight for the same amount. By 1917 the country was seeing re-issues of his "earlier" films, made way back in 1914-15. In 1918, perched on Doug Fairbanks' shoulders, he urged a vast crowd in front of the Sub-Treasury Building in New York to buy Liberty Bonds. By 1919 Mrs. Fiske got around to saying, "Chaplin is a great artist." In 1921 he was "discovered" with his first full-page portrait in *Vanity Fair.* Nowadays even dramatic critics go to see his pictures. *City Lights* cost $1,500,000 and before Chaplin would allow it to be released he demanded a guarantee of $4,000,000 from exhibitors, an extremely handsome and unusual sum for an unseen picture.

Morality Bulletin

The Hollywood branch of the Will Hayes office has handed down a decision that hereafter the cow in the Mickey Mouse animated cartoons shall have no udder. Something orudder must be preserved at any cost.

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"Peter Ibbetson"

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

WITHIN the writer's memory American composers have made countless attempts at grand opera. Many of these poorly done in every respect, have died unwept, unhonored and, above all, unsung. Others, the work of abler musicians, have scored ephemeral successes. But scarcely a single one has held the stage after its first year.

If we seek to analyze these failures, we shall find the cause, for the most part, in the libretto, either a bad one from a literary standpoint or the work of a "poet" guiltless of the least knowledge of the principles of musical declamation. The writer recalls, for instance, a specimen performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in which the hapless composer had to set the following line: "A pest upon it! I cannot play upon this pipe!" The libretto, too, is often so untheatrical that even the finest musical treatment could not save it. Also, but few of our composers have shown the faintest perception of the basic fact that operatic music differs radically from concert music. They have nearly all been trained, perhaps unconsciously, to write in the concert idiom, which, while possibly a higher form of creative art, yet requires a style so alien to that of music drama that a change from one to the other involves a fundamental readjustment of the artistic viewpoint. The operatic style, with its broad and even obvious effects, may aptly be compared to fresco painting, to be viewed from a distance and in a glaring light, in which it is quite impossible to realize those artistic subtleties which characterize work on a smaller scale painted for more intimate view. But few American operas have come to the writer's attention which have this style. We may, however, cite Herbert's *Natoma,* perfectly adapted to the stage, and Loomis' *Yolanda of Cyprus,* a little inferior in this respect but more distinguished from a musical standpoint.

Mr. Deems Taylor is a composer of large musical attainments, sensitive imagination, and gifted with the power to write music of real charm. He can also write for the voice, having achieved, in the choral field, such admirable works as *The Highwayman* and *The Chambered Nautilus.*

Last year, his first grand opera, *The King's Henchman,* despite its musical merit, suffered from a lack of the theatrical quality in both book and music. The book, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, was over-literary, not having the needed dramatic breadth. The music, too, while admirably and imaginatively conceived, still smacked overmuch of the concert platform. The work, however, was more nearly suitable than its predecessors, and the composer was commissioned to write a new opera to be produced during the present season.

For his subject, Mr. Taylor selected Du Maurier's novel, *Peter Ibbetson,* almost as popular as his *Trilby.* This story is so well known that it is unnecessary to recapitulate its plot,—well nigh an ideal one for operatic treatment. It has been, on the whole, splendidly

Underwood

DEEMS TAYLOR

dramatized by Mr. Taylor in collaboration with Miss Constance Collier. It is presented in three acts and eight scenes, which set forth the story vividly and poetically.

Mr. Taylor's score is decidedly uneven. The second act is musically vastly superior to the first and last. The music as a whole has been governed, in its composition, by an aristocratic and sometimes far too fastidious taste, which leads him to avoid at all costs any obvious harmonic and melodic leading, disregarding the fact that if we rebuff the obvious with too much severity we run the risk of also discarding the natural. This is regrettable in Mr. Taylor's case, for he thus sacrifices the real gifts of poetic lyricism whose possession he has already demonstrated in such ample measure. Only in a few pages does he give them free rein,—and these are the high spots of the opera.

Mr. Taylor is said to have stated that he has used one or two *leit-motifs* throughout the opera to give it organic unity, but these were not of a sufficiently outstanding character to impress themselves on the hearer at a first audition. The music, as a result, seemed episodic, and frustrated the desire of at least one hearer to establish real contact.

The melodic material is seldom to be found in the vocal parts, being mainly entrusted to the orchestra. The instrumentation marks a great advance over that of the *King's Henchman;* it is distinguished, transparent, and above all, never swamps the vocal line. Two places are particularly fine:—the prelude to the second act, and the long dirge-like passage, beginning at the close of the murder scene, and extending well into the prison episode which follows.

The vocal writing is sound, especially that for chorus, which may be justly termed masterly. And the voice parts were splendidly interpreted. All three of the principal rôles were sung with English diction of a quality to gladden the heart. Mme. Bori's slight accent of course fitted the part of a Frenchwoman like a glove, and her performance was excellent. Messrs. Johnson and Tibbett were vocally and histrionically admirable as hero and villain. Particularly notable was the latter's effective song in the first act. Mr. Serafin's conducting was spirited and did full justice to the score.

The *mise en scène* by Joseph Urban was decidedly well done, and the costuming picturesque. Particularly good were the "flash back" scenes, both in color and composition, though that in the third act was marred by overlighting, reaching a dazzling glare anything but dream-like.

All in all, Mr. Taylor has created an aristocratic and musicianly score well adapted to the stage. But his overfastidiousness has restrained him from appealing sufficiently to the emotions of his hearers. It is, none the less, truly a fine achievement. The press as a whole has been very fair, save for one inveterate reminiscence-hunter, who hauls out the old, inevitable Wagner-Debussy lines, his invariable custom when reviewing an American work.

Peter Ibbetson had its initial performance before an audience which jammed the Metropolitan Opera House to the danger-point. They gave a genuinely warm and cordial reception to Mr. Taylor, who, in response to insistent demands, thanked them in a gracious and happily expressed little speech.

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▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

SIGH, Attica, for Helen's dead.
Her precious dust is minglèd
With beauty; hemlock woods at night
Thrushes that call in grey twilight,
Brooks that run past on mossy tread.
Her hair, for which tall Hector bled,
Swirls in the sunshine overhead.
With her sweet breath the breezes light
Sigh "Attica."
Old Lyric Forms from France I've read
(By H. L. Cohen editèd),
The while I cursed, this past fortnight,
In old and new French forms, the plight
That keeps me lying in my bed—
Sciatica.

CONSUELO.

. . . . .

A champion of whiskers, Mr. Francis C. Uridge, has written us an eloquent plea for those facial adornments which is too long to print, but contains some words of advice which may be valuable to other cultivators. The chief trouble with growing whiskers, says Mr. Uridge, is getting friends and relatives to accept them. And so "in growing any kind of beard, don't sprout the whole area at once; let it grow as one plant, not as a whole patch; begin with a scarcely discernible center and work for body rather than size; be patient; keep the beard always neat by letting it develop with the speed of the slowest growing hair, not the fastest; fool the public by making them think you only want a small but fully developed, neat beard, and then sprout new hairs around the edges as the center warrants it."

Our chief objection to a beard is the laundry problem. In a city like New York it has to be done up at least twice a week. False beards solve the problem; with, say, three, there's always one at the dry cleaner's, and a fresh one in the beard cupboard if you're invited to a party. Even so, they are a luxury. O. P. Pym, in *Sentimental Tommy,* figured that if he hadn't shaved every day, he would have had time to write enough more stories to make him a wealthy man. But he left out the item of laundry. Or perhaps London was cleaner in those days.

. . . . .

L. D. W. contributes the following:

C. Coolidge-O. Nash Influence
"I do not choose to run"
Signed by Owen D. Youn'

This is the first bit of Calvinized material that has gone into this column.

WE have had another letter from Herbert (or Hubert) Meadowcroft. "Thanks for the butts," he says. "A couple of them were kind of stale, but I don't suppose you ought to look a gift cigarette in the filler, so thanks anyway. And that piece about my sister was swell. Even if Rhoda doesn't see it herself, some of your readers may have seen her on the stage, and can give me a clue. The traveling salesman's name, by the way, was Bashwater. I do hope we'll get some word from her. Things haven't been going so good lately, what with so many cats about, and being out of work and all.

"We had a swell time the other night, though. We were holding a meeting to discuss unemployment—we've had them twice a week during the fall and winter, and we pass resolutions and then have a dance afterward. We ran out of resolutions after the first two meetings, so now we just spend the first few minutes passing the same resolutions over again, and then have the dance. Well, this evening one of the boys brought in a police whistle he'd found. It gave me an idea. 'Come on, boys,' I said. 'We're going to have a swell feed.'

"So we went out and took the subway uptown. It's easy for mice to travel on the subway late at night. There's seldom anybody on the last car on the train, and even if there are one or two people, they never think the mice are real. We got out at 51st Street and went over to a speakeasy I know. We rang the bell and somebody peeked out through a grill in the door. Of course he didn't see anybody, so he opened the door to look out and see who had rung, and we filed in

"There was a big crowd in the speakeasy, dancing and singing and eating and drinking. The boys hid in the cloakroom and I dragged the whistle up close to a door and blew a couple of good loud blasts on it. Boy, you should have seen those people beat it for the back door! In thirty seconds the place was empty. Then the rest of the crowd came in and we had some banquet!

"I saw in the paper a while back where it said there were 30,000 speakeasies in New York so I don't think we'll have trouble getting enough food after this. The only bad thing was that some of the boys ran kind of wild and got into the liquor, and we had to take about thirty of them down cellar and put them to bed. One wanted to go home and went to bed in a French horn, and we couldn't get him out again. And another bit a policeman on the way home."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

ALL of Brahms' symphonies are now available through American companies. To the first three, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski, issued by Victor, Brunswick has just added the Fourth, recorded in Europe by the State Opera Orchestra of Berlin, conducted by Max Fiedler[1]. The playing, if it falls short of brilliance, is undoubtedly good and the recording is quite up to the high standard of the German company whose work Brunswick re-presses for American consumption.

In the domestic operatic vocal field Victor gives us a beautiful disk of the Bell Song from Delibes' *Lakme,* sung by Lily Pons[2]. As on the earlier record of the Mad Scene from *Lucia,* the Metropolitan's new star shows a lovely voice, free from affected tricks, and of absolutely true pitch. On the other hand it is difficult to find anything to praise about the same company's record of two arias from early Verdi operas, Te Sol Quest' Anima, from *Attila,* and Qual Volutta Transcorrere, from *I Lombardi*[3]. With utter disregard of the consequent obliteration of the accompaniment, Elisabeth Rethberg, Beniamino Gigli and Ezio Pinza are allowed to stand right up to the microphone and, apparently, try to drown each other out by sheer yelling. Here, however, the gramophone listener has a great advantage over a witness of an actual performance. He is spared the gestures that go with that kind of singing.

Light opera may be on the wane but it is certain that it will not die out while we still have Franz Lehar to write it and Richard Tauber and Vera Schwarz to sing it. Available at least at the Gramophone Shop at 18 East 48th Street, New York, is an album of four records from *Das Land des Lächelns* sung by Tauber and Schwarz accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under the direction of the composer[4]. Perfection is a strong word, but I can't think of any other to apply to these delightful songs so beautifully sung and played.

Once again Louis Armstrong has taken a couple of popular songs that everybody else has made us heartily sick of and infused them with new life and character. This time he and his Sebastian Cotton Club Orchestra play *You're Driving Me Crazy* and *The Peanut Vendor* in incredible but fascinating fashion[5]. O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, Album No. 24.
2. Victor, 1502.
3. Victor, 8194.
4. Gramophone Shop, Album No. 86.
5. Okeh, 41478.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The World

SHE had never known anything but the farm. The fields ran out to meet the sky, and the sky dipped down to touch the fence rails, and if she turned slowly, following the curved line of the horizon, it was plain that the farm and the inverted bowl of blue sky formed half the world at least.

But she had no sooner looked at the new farmhand than, strangely enough, it was the other half that became the World. And after she had watched him for awhile as he moved easily about his work—his eyes never resting on her but passing her to look at something in the distance which she could never see—she told herself passionately, "I know nothing about the World!"

Then when she had spoken to him once or twice, and made sure that he knew her apart from the others, for there were nine children altogether, she found words for her new absorption. "I have never seen anything of the World," she confessed.

"How old are you?" asked the new farmhand abruptly.

"Over seventeen," she told him.

"Grown-up," said the farmhand frowning and trying to remember what he had seen of the world.

After that he did his best. He was older than she and naturally had traveled more, and though he had never cared much for foreign places—cities and their like—as he watched her eyes rapt and fixed upon his face, or caught the long sigh of her relinquished breath, he began to see there was a color in the towns that he had never half suspected.

"And money," he added out loud one day, but to himself really. "Folks don't have to wait to marry there," he went on explaining slowly. 'They love quick, and they make money quick. And so they marry," he finished.

After that there was an understanding between them that added up to the same result no matter how they looked at it. To be married, they must go out into the world. To go out into the world they must be married. It sounded confusing but it was really very simple. So she tied her few clothes into a bundle one night and before dawn slipped out of the house to meet him.

His savings they had decided would be enough to carry them east where the big cities were to be found. On the train she sat close to him clutching his sleeve in a delirium of wonder. This was the World! But she could only stare up into his face as though she had never looked at it before. Somehow his face was home—somehow it was the World.

When they reached the cities they walked the noisy streets with their shoulders pressed even more closely together. He couldn't rightly remember that he had ever seen places as big as these before and he began to wonder anxiously about the money. Soon the little he had left would be all gone.

But she kept telling him, dazed and happy, not to think about the money. This was the World, wasn't it? There was plenty of money here, and he could make it easily.

Nevertheless, they presently found themselves sleeping on park benches at night, holding each other's hands tightly and not cold at all, they said, since they could sit together. By day they looked seriously for restaurants, for they had discovered that the only work found by farmers in the city was the scrubbing and dish-washing in return for a scanty meal. In this way they managed to keep alive, which was in itself sufficient pleasure for either of them, since they were continually astonished at the delight they felt merely in being together.

It was a great puzzle to them and as the days went by each one, frowning, tried to work it out, glancing occasionally at the knotted face of the other one. They had been married, hadn't they?—so they might see the World. And now that they were married their only trouble was the World. Could they ever get away from it again? And in their panic they turned to each other and began to talk. About farms.

They found a farm finally, walking to it from the cities, sleeping by the roadside, eating what they could beg or find. But after they had worked there for a week the owner refused to pay them. And so they started on again.

But this time he never asked what she was thinking. He caught her by the arm and pushed her down upon a bank. "Set down," he said. "I gotta talk."

"The World," he said, "ain't what I'm looking for. Not what you call the World. You know what is the World to me? It's ground to work, and a shack to sleep in of my own. And you in it."

She nodded, with a choking in her throat.

"And where is it?" he asked fiercely. "Back where we came from. Well. That's where we're heading this time. If we gotta sleep in every police station on the road, an' if it takes a year." He looked at her anxiously and his face broke up. "You ready to hike it?" he asked gruffly.

She nodded again and for the first time since her marriage began to cry. And smiling at him through her tears she got up eagerly and brushed her skirt and started down the road once more, clutching tightly at his arm.

Edward Windsor—Royal Drummer

(Continued from Page 253)

gentine. Its members knew that after erecting a fine office building in Buenos Aires, the First National Bank of Boston had built up a business that has been the envy of many a competitor. By the same token, the expenditures for an embassy and office building in Buenos Aires might be expected to add materially to the $200,000,000 worth of exports which we sell to the Argentine in a normal year.

The Chinese wall of isolation which in the past separated us from the world abroad has broken down. We have $15,000,000,000 or more invested abroad, and we are now the chief exporting nation in the world. As the wall of isolation has crumbled, other antiquated notions have fallen with it, one of which is that the American Ambassador in a foreign capital can live in lodgings and entertain his guests with a crust of bread and a glass of water. The magnificent buildings which the United States has built, or has acquired, for its representatives in Rome, Berlin, Paris, Tokyo, Buenos Aires, and other cities, shows how completely this notion has gone by the board. Right in the thick of the scramble for foreign markets as we are, the United States has now embarked upon a policy of giving our agents abroad the finest homes and offices, not only to advance our national prestige but to serve as practical advertisements of our standards of living, and as a show window for our methods of construction, our plumbing, refrigeration, office equipment and so on.

Our new embassy and office building in Buenos Aires, in one sense, is our answer to the challenge of the mission which has taken the Prince of Wales to the Argentine to open the Empire Exhibition and to give the signal for the salesmen and drummers of Britain to start their drive to place their country again in the lead in supplying South America's needs for goods. Our buildings, for one thing, will remain there long after the buying public have forgotten the exhibition, the bands, and the

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speeches of the Prince of Wales. People in the Argentine will realize, too, that it is rather a pretty compliment we have paid to their buying power in deciding to do so handsomely by our Ambassador in their capital. Great Britain, it is true, has paid Argentina the compliment of sending there the Prince of Wales. In the absence of an heir apparent, we have preferred to say it with a mansion and an eight-story office building. The end in view in each case is pretty much the same, advertising and national prestige, with the underlying vision of greater sales.

Great Britain did not elevate her mission at Buenos Aires to the rank of embassy until some time after the United States accorded this mark of recognition to the place of Argentina in the affairs of the world. Though decent enough, the British embassy does not compare as a show place with Ambassador Bliss' new home. Curiously enough, the Trade Exhibition Grounds are right behind the new American Embassy, and Ambassador Bliss and his commercial counsellor can sit by the window watching the crowds go into the exhibition grounds, and receive at the same time comparative reports of sales made in the Argentine by British and American exporters.

Sentiment, after all, counts for little when a man reaches down in his pocket to make a purchase. What he wants to know is the price of the article, its quality, and perhaps its purchase terms. Certainly there is no tangible evidence that the international good will visits of Crown Princes, Presidents, Prime Ministers, even of senators of the United States, carry any considerable weight in the scale.

The war, it is true, gave us a big opening in South American trade, for Britain had no time to give to the market, and Germany was shut off from it almost entirely. American traders nevertheless have hustled to keep their advantage, and this advantage they have held through our industrial efficiency, our sales and distribution methods, and our system of mass production. As a result, South Americans have found our automobiles, machinery and typewriters the best for the money. Yet there is no reason why, if the British overhaul their industrial machine, introduce our mass production methods, and inject a little American sales talk and confidence into their agents, they should not hope to make gains in those lines where our goods are now favored. It is upon such factors as these that really depends the success or failure of the Prince's mission.

As an advertising agent, the Prince is sure to do a good job, but after all his advertising scope is rather limited. If he wears a new kind of collar, or sports a hat of novel design, the *beau monde* will quickly take up the fashion, and agents for Regent and Oxford street stores will roll up some handsome orders. Such sales, however, are ephemeral; they are not likely to outlast the Prince's short stay in South America. As advertising, this does not compare with the year-round publicity of our motion pictures—and our pictures dominate the South American market. Motion pictures daily tell millions of South Americans how American women wear their hair, what kind of automobiles we use, how we dress, eat, and what kind of furniture we use, and what kind of electric refrigeration we have in our kitchens. As advertising agents our moving picture stars cover a wider range than the Prince of Wales could ever cover in a dozen visits, and if Europe develops a motion picture star, he or she is pretty sure to be set to work in Hollywood in the army of those who advertise America abroad. None of our competitors can boast an advertising medium that can be compared with the motion picture. Be that as it may, the South American tour of the Prince of Wales directs our attention to the British drive to win back the grip on South American trade which slipped from Britain's hands in 1913. As befits one born to the purple, the Prince is at the head of the column; behind him are the salesmen, exhibitors, team captains and so on. Kings these days perhaps would be surer of their jobs if all their sons fell into the spirit of the age, and became drummers and trade promoters de luxe.

Football House Cleaning

(Continued from Page 265)

Harvard and Yale, committed to the English House Plan, are heading toward intramural football programs topped off by three or four intercollegiate games. They, too, will relegate the training table to the limbo occupied by stuffed owls, sideburns, leg o' mutton sleeves, chrysanthemum haircuts and quilted canvas jackets. Loyola College of Chicago has abandoned football as Columbia once did. Johns Hopkins may follow suit. Signs are not lacking that the end of the "show business era" in collegiate football is at hand.

What started the rumpus at Pennsylvania? It was an inside job. The football players themselves initiated what was a wholesale shake-up when they revolted against the mailed fist methods of ex-coach Lud Wray. Wray didn't realize that undergraduate psychology has

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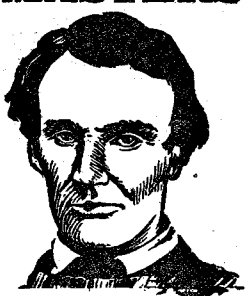

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changed since the day when he blindly obeyed the orders of a hard-boiled, two-fisted coach of the old blood and thunder school. He soon discovered that sophisticated young moderns won't respond to top sergeant tactics.

Rolf Carlsten, flashy open field runner, resigned from the squad following a verbal tiff with Wray. Stung by his coach's sulphuric invective, Carlsten "talked back." Wray told him to turn in his uniform. Carlsten did.

Open mutiny followed the final game with Navy. Warren Gette, a reserve fullback, led the insurgents. Disciplined for a training infraction, he issued a public statement that he would never again play football while Wray was coach. Other players concurred, precipitating an investigation.

Wray was relieved as coach, though his contract had two years to run, but this was only the opening shot. From that player-mutiny developed the sweeping revolution epitomized in the Gates Plan. Now that the professors are in the pigskin saddle at Pennsylvania, will they ride to a fall?

Ladies and Super-Ladies

(Continued from Page 257)

ception, through long practice, is pretty keen. She is more than willing to be a friend. She puts herself out to be a friend. In fact, she would never lose an opportunity emphatically to prove the value of her friendship, if she had the opportunity. But the lady seeks no friendships. They usually grow out of an unspoken recommendation. Her friends, if not persons with whom she has grown up, are either her friends' friends or those who naturally fit into her scheme of living. It never occurs to her to encourage the friendship of a virtual stranger, or to go out of her way, to make an effort, to make friends. The lady never tries to force her presence on any one. She has an almost instinctive knowledge of the times and occasions on which she is not over-welcome. The super-lady, however, is so eager to "put herself over" that she is completely insensitive to hints. Being answered in monosyllables never dampens her eagerness to talk. She will rattle on until her audience walks out on her. The lady, in short, acts (and can afford to) on instinct; the super-lady acts (and must) on reason.

The poor, old English language, so often maltreated and abused, gets almost more than its share of luxury through the lips of the super-lady. Her speech is often slow, measured, and voluptuously elegant. She takes such pains to give words their full share of meaning and effect that she is apt to over-pronounce. Especially fine was the "feminine," with a very long "i" in the last syllable, used by one of this species. She is also so desirous that nobody slight her excellent education that she goes to no end of trouble to use musty, pedantic words when a short one, to the point, would be much more effective. I remember particularly a delicate little bit. One of our super-ladies was asking if a certain paper might be cut in half.

"Is it permissible to truncate this here?" she said, not unlaboriously.

Yet, while their memories for unused words may be good, their "ears" are often bad. "Metal" often becomes "met-l," "hanger" becomes "hangger," and I have even heard "Medigeranium" for that cerulean sea, not to mention "colyum," incongruous with an over-elaborated, forced, and so-full-of-effort accent. There are, too, cheap idioms, hang-overs from childhood, that crop up unexpectedly and ludicrously at odd moments that would be extremely embarrassing for the super-lady if she but knew. But she is not the one ever to inquire the correct pronunciation of a word with which she may be unfamiliar. That would be so degrading! No, rather than confess that this word isn't one that she has used daily in her speech ever since she learned to talk, she must needs sneak off to the dictionary in her innermost sanctum and imprint the correct pronunciation on her memory by constant and subdued repetition. The dictionary, incidentally, is invariably at her finger-tips.

The lady, on the other hand, has a voice and a manner of speaking trained to correct modulation by her first conversational companion, her nurse, and further developed by constant association with her family. She never thinks about her voice, she never considers whether or not her speech is correct or "refined" (although it always is); she merely talks the way she has always talked, the way of all the people with whom she has been reared, and, effortlessly, it is the right way. If she undertakes the pronunciation of a word she has never used before, she says it the way she thinks it should be said. If it is wrong, it never occurs to her to be embarrassed. She will probably laugh at her mistake and correct it. She talks either slowly or quickly, according to the rapidity with which her tongue or

her palate works, but she never gropes for a three-syllable word when one syllable will do.

The table manners of the super-lady are priceless. She acts almost as though food were offensive to her. Rarely does she let herself be seen enjoying a good meal. Instead she gets as far away from her food as possible and eats what she eats of it with excessive delicacy. She never grasps a cup sturdily in one hand. No, she holds it lightly between thumb and forefinger, and, if she can bring herself to it, second finger, while her small finger curls itself upward in utmost distaste for any communion between it and the cup. She could hardly be expected to "clean her plate"—that would not be "good form." She eats with utmost daintiness, nibbling this and nibbling that, but never giving the impression that she is doing it with relish; rather, she looks slightly as though another mouthful might gag her. Her table utensils she handles with such gentle kindness that one might think she was afraid of hurting them. Her fork she balances with miraculous skill; her knife she manipulates lightly, as though there were a very imminent danger of its going right through the plate. If she can possibly do it she cuts everything available with a fork, feeling, probably, that knives are boorish tools fit only for hot-blooded murderers.

The lady, however, is usually something of a gourmet. She is not only interested in good food, but she thoroughly and obviously enjoys it. Unless she is served one of those native American dishes, such as chicken croquettes, mashed potatoes, and green peas, she handles her knife and fork simultaneously with useful, expert skill. She does not act horrified at her food and then compliment her hostess on it: rather she expresses her appreciation in the eating of it and says nothing about it later.

Excessive virtue is something the super-lady has left to the lower middle classes, regarding it as un-smart—and she always keeps an eagle eye out for what is smart. She takes great delight in being considered somewhat *risque*—an impression that she goes great lengths to give orally, but were any one to "take her up on it" she would probably die of fright, shedding in an instant that poise she tries so hard to acquire. She has seen the lady smoke on occasion in the street, at night, possibly, when she leaves a theatre, when she steps out of a car. Consequently, she thinks that this is not only permissible but intensely *chic*. So she feels no chagrin at lighting a cigarette in the street in broad daylight as she walks alone. In the same way, she thinks to show her supposed

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superiority by smoking one cigarette after another, no matter where she may be, as fast as she can light them and put them out. Chewing gum she has long learned to scorn as a deplorable habit of people who have never ridden in any more comfortable vehicle than the subway, but she is discovering, and being profoundly shocked by her discovery, that ladies indulge in it, now and again, as an amusing vice for their more nervous moments. Cocktail parties, which the lady has, for some time, found insufferable, she thinks the naughtiest of niceties. To her there is something vastly desirable in being crowded into a small flat with dozens of other people, all drinking the same bad cocktails, made of raw gin and canned fruit juices, with the same giddy air of having a good time if it kills them.

The super-lady, too, probably because she has fed too well on novels of "flaming youth," thinks it rather brilliant to ridicule older people who think in more mature terms than she does. To her they are merely targets to pierce with her acid wit. But the lady looks at her elders as people, people to be respected, people usually to be admired. She will often make them her friends to the exclusion of her contemporaries. The super-lady's downright fear of servants is laughable. She doesn't know how to treat them. As to whether to be authoritative or meek she is in a quandary. She can't seem to acquire the detached, subtly commanding air that the lady assumes in talking with servants; so, in her effort to imitate, she usually ends by being more servile than the servants themselves.

The super-lady is always one lap behind in the race. Unable to anticipate the next move of the lady, she lives on tenter-hooks, always "ready" and "set" to "go." The lady is continuously baffling her by actions and habits and idioms of speech thoroughly unexpected, incomprehensible to her brain and its overtrained thinking. She changes her sets of values with each new move of the lady. But she will never catch up.

The Economic Consequences of Reparations

(Continued from Page 256)

riers. The urgent need for this has been especially manifest in Europe, where the number of frontiers was greatly increased by the peace settlement, and the newly created states immediately began campaigns to attain national self-sufficiency by erecting tariff barriers to protect industries which in many cases could have no real economic justification. Finally in 1927 two important conferences were held in Europe, one spon-

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sored by the League of Nations and the other by the International Chamber of Commerce, to consider ways and means to mitigate the growing impediments to international trade. Resolutions were passed for a general lowering of tariffs, and the assembled statesmen and business leaders returned to their respective countries to begin the necessary work of education which would lead to a saner handling of the problem.

In America nothing was accomplished, because with our great home markets and our growing export trade we were not in a position to appreciate from our own experience the adverse effects of the tariff system as a whole. In Europe, on the other hand, a certain amount of progress was made in 1927 and 1928, although against serious difficulties. The chief obstacle was the high tariffs of the United States which were already in existence. We were pursuing an aggressive export policy, selling our goods in all European countries, and at the same time maintaining tariffs so high that the European countries found it exceedingly difficult to sell goods to us in return. We were in fact financing a large part of our exports by means of loans, which had the effect of putting the European countries deeper and deeper into debt. In order to cope with the situation those countries felt obliged to maintain their own tariffs. Certain nations, notably France and Germany, did actually make agreements providing for special reductions of duties among themselves, but they were promptly confronted by a demand on the part of the United States that the same reduced rates be accorded American goods, although no concessions whatever were offered them with respect to their own exports to the United States. Some countries protested, but the economic power of America was so great that they were finally obliged to accede to our demands. In spite of such difficulties, however, there was in Europe by the end of 1928 a growing body of influential opinion in favor of general tariff reduction. With a small amount of encouragement from America, or even a disposition on our part to allow the European countries to work out better trade relationships among themselves without demanding one-sided favors from them, there was at least a possibility that the worst excesses of the tariff system might have been gradually eliminated.

But what did we do? While insisting firmly that each European country must under all circumstances accord to our products the lowest rates granted to any other country, our Congress proceeded to draw up the Smoot-Hawley bill, with the highest rates of any tariff law in our history. Cries of protest arose all over the world, but they were ignored and the Smoot-Hawley bill was enacted into law. This was the death blow to all hope of lowered tariffs of individual European countries. It marked, in fact, the beginning of a more intensified tariff war, for since the passage of the bill nearly every country in Europe has revised its rates upward. It is true that renewed attempts have since been made to bring about something approaching a European customs union, but the political difficulties are well-nigh insurmountable—difficulties arising primarily out of the peace treaties and the existence of the reparation claims against Germany. Moreover, the obstacles to economic union are by no means confined to the political situation in Europe. There exists always the probability, on the basis of what has happened in the past, that if the European countries should lower tariff barriers among themselves, the United States would again insist that American products be accorded equally favorable treatment, while maintaining the rates of the Smoot-Hawley bill against European products as a matter of course.

Viewed thus objectively, our policy with respect to international trade does not present a pretty picture. It is in fact difficult to escape the conviction that our rôle in the economic world in recent years has been uncomfortably similar to that of an international bully. Until about a year and a half ago we were apparently escaping the consequences of our folly. Since the autumn of 1929 we have been suffering, along with the rest of the world, from a terrific case of economic indigestion. It has been caused only in part, of course, by our tariff policy, but our persistence in that policy undoubtedly contributes to prolonging the agony.

As in the matter of the tangle of debts arising out of the war, so also with respect to the existing system of tariff barriers throughout the world, America is placed in a position of peculiar responsibility. And in the latter instance we can put forward no moral excuse. If we insist that the Allied debts ought to be paid, irrespective of reparations, our European creditors can retort with unanswerable logic that at least we ought to take the initiative in making possible a normal and healthy growth of international trade, by means of which alone the debts of Europe to us, not only those arising out of the war but the later and larger commercial obligations, can be effectively paid. Under present world conditions America is the only country which as a practical matter could be expected to take the lead in tariff reductions. So long as our present law remains in force no European country is likely to lower its rates, for the reason that it would be immediately swamped with our goods without being given an opportunity to make increased exports to us in return.

On the basis of our business advantage pure and simple, as suggested recently by two of America's ablest bankers—Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank and Paul M. Warburg of the Manhattan Company—we should seriously consider reducing or cancelling the Allied debts in order to rid the world of the reparation claims. It would be good business policy to do so, both because it would tend to restore the solvency of some of our best customers and because the very existence of the war debts tends to endanger the security of all the other debts owing to us. For there is no doubt that the mere fact of a debtor owing a great deal more than he can pay prevents his paying what might otherwise be well within his capacity. Probably we should be justified, in the case of cancellation, in asking the European Allies for their part to cancel all reparation claims against Germany, the unconditional annuities of the Young Plan as well as the conditional, except for the relatively small payments of about $20,000,000 a year required for the service of the loan floated in 1930. Of the European countries only France, now receiving the bulk of the unconditional

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in The Outlook of February 14, 1951.

The seven additional bills, introduced in the House this week, calling for substantial increases in adjusted compensation for workers in munition plants and their descendants, have the active backing of the Patriotic Society of World War Munitions Workers.

"The steady decrease of all kinds of speculation during the past twenty years," remarked President Klattrell of the New York Stock Exchange, "is largely attributable to the development and utilization of the art of crystal gazing."

An amendment was proposed last week to the tenement house law of Illinois making sealed windows and air conditioning mandatory in old and new apartment houses throughout the State.

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annuities, would be making any real sacrifice, since the other Allied debtors have declared their intention to collect altogether, as reparations and other war debts due them, only the amount of their payments to the United States.

In other words, I am suggesting here that we assume the attitude that the war and its causes, and the tangle of debts arising out of it, was a series of calamities, the financial consequences of which, as far as debts among nations are concerned, should be liquidated and forgotten as soon as possible. Acting on such an assumption, we could render a great economic service to the world and to ourselves at the same time, by offering to cancel the Allied debts on the conditions outlined above, without further delay.

But we should not deceive ourselves. If war debts and reparations were immediately wiped out of existence, and the present system of tariff barriers remained, we should be quit of only the smaller part of our responsibility. As the richest and most powerful nation in the world we ought to take the lead in bringing about such cancellation as a matter of sound business policy; but our great responsibility is to take the initiative in reducing tariff barriers. That too would be good business policy in the long run, and above all it would tend to eliminate some of the most serious dangers to the peace of the world. To an observer of the existing dangerous international situation in Europe there can be little doubt that the preservation of peace is likely to be a race between economic forces making for understanding on the one hand and the same sort of political quarrels that precipitated the cataclysm of 1914 on the other. Tariff barriers are the chief remaining obstacle to the constructive action of those forces, and America is in a position to take the lead in removing it.

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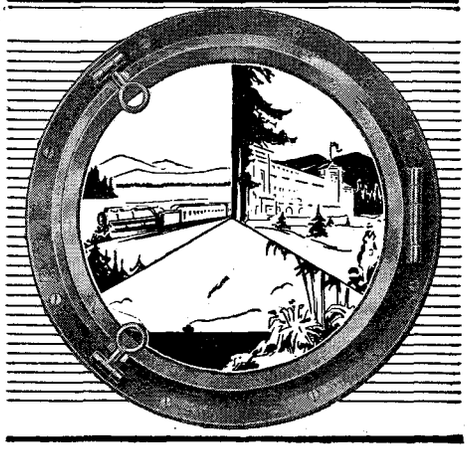

Birthplace of Venus

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With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 241)

plea for abstinence, this determination to restrict sex communion to only its reproductive function, is so inconsistent with modern learning, even with certain forms of life in what we call nature. The rejuvenative function of sex, we are told, is a pernicious human sin when given expression in sex communion, and should be used, sublimated, to produce great things, art and the like. Rejuvenation, via sex stimulation but minus sex communion, contains admirable thought and is probably the highest human aspiration yet discovered. But why limit a good thing to only its highest merit? Why not permit the fruits and blessings of rejuvenation to the millions who never dream of doing big things? Birth control is making it possible for husband and wife to continue their love-life through their married years without the danger of one pregnancy after another dragging the whole family down into poverty.

Going to nature for authority to uphold the reproductive-function-only idea, is really not a safe thing for the Pope to do. Animals, to be sure, reproduce and die, but who wants to be an animal? The Pope might better point to that strain of white swan which lives in the strictest of monogamy in its mating life, for, if one swan dies, the other wastes away without even looking for another mate. For devotion this beats even the ideals emanating from the Vatican. And as for the nature standard of sex behavior, science tells us that all protozoa use sex *for rejuvenation only.* Without this rejuvenation they grow tired and die, with it they go on growing into bigger and better protozoa. Their reproduction, on the other hand, *has nothing whatsoever to do with sex.* It is done by fission: reproduction by spontaneous division of the body into two parts, each of which becomes a complete organism. Truly, exhorting us humans to be guided by nature's ways is a dangerous gospel.

. . . . Love, real, human love, love as nature means love to be among humans, is sex communion used for its rejuvenescent purpose. Parents of one child, equally with parents of fifteen, are headed for premature old age if their sex life has meant nothing to them but the means for begetting children . . . .

FRANCES C. URIDGE.

The National Orchestral Association

To the Editor: *New York*

SIR—Will you permit me to take this occasion to thank you for publishing in your issue of February 4th the excellent criticism by Marshall Kernochan of the educational works of the National Orchestral Association. It is most excellently done and is the greatest aid to the Association in carrying on its work.

The OUTLOOK is to be congratulated upon having such a thoughtful and discriminating person upon musical matters as Mr. Kernochan.

FRANKLIN ROBINSON.

Police Reform

To the Editor: *South Bend, Ind.*

SIR—The interest shown in our police system by the general public is a good sign for the future of this service.

I read Mr. Knott's article of January 7th suggesting improvements in the conduct of traffic officers. Traffic officers are but ten per cent of police personnel and are known to be the cleanest division of police departments in so far as graft and dishonesty goes. True many traffic officers are sometimes caustic and perhaps raucous in their address and attitude, but when we consider these men are alumni from the manual occupations of our business life the wonder is that they do so well generally.

Our general police system is considered a failure. The Cleveland Foundation and other illuminating reports are convincing proof. And the failure of our American city government is also suggested in many of these records. Witness the many cities now adopting the commission and managerial forms—all symptoms if not admissions of failure.

The remedy for police inefficiency and corruption is to be found, not in the reorganization of police departments, but in a radical reconstruction of our entire municipal system so that police can be appointed on qualifications of competency, protected under civil service rules in their tenure of office and promoted on merit rather than "pull."

. . . . Neither the press nor our chief executives are taking our crime conditions seriously. Is it not about time the general public would take matters in hand? If present conditions continue, municipal corruption and incompetency will go on until martial law will be the remedy as in other emergencies such as fire, flood and earthquakes.

Edmund Burke said, "You cannot indict a the people." That, of course, is true of our policemen and other municipal officers. The strong character of individuals will show itself occasionally in spite of corrupt and inefficient systems. Some of the finest police work in history has been done by American policemen. Their universal selection as to competency and absolute divorce from politics would raise American police standards in one generation to those exemplified in the London "Bobby" for diplomacy and Scotland Yard for crime detection.

L. J. LANE.

The Other Side

To the Editor: *Clearwater, Fla*

SIR—I believe I am not writing this because of an enlarged ego, but I want to say to you that I cannot understand why one with the intelligence which the letter signed M. C. Stevens under your caption "Boomerang" shows, can take or hold the attitude expressed in that letter toward a journal made up with such material as January 14 number—"Reports on Prohibition," "For a Prosperity Loan," "Backstage in Washington," "The Voice of the Corn Belt," "The Russian Bear in Business," "A Cross for Connecticut Bossism."

I'm a past seventy-year-old citizen of Connecticut; have voted Republican more often than otherwise, but I am glad to believe that I can appreciate truth telling, sound reasoning for betterment of social and moral conditions such as the OUTLOOK is sending us.

FRANK C. DOWD.

Hard Lines

To the Editor: *Glendale, Ohio*

SIR—You editors are so saturated with venom that your ability to deal intelligently with even a few subjects, especially those personal in their nature, is a joke. Your treatment of worthy men from whom you disagree is, I consider scandalous.

According to your ideas, Mr. Hoover, being dry is reprobated on all occasions; Mr. Smith, being a wet, is a paragon of virtue in all respects Norris, the obstructionist, you place on a pedesta because he sails under the cloak of republicanism only to knife it on every occasion; you hold up to contempt Mr. Lucas because he attempts to do to Norris what Norris attempts to do the Republican party; you ridicule any attempt to curb Bolshevism in its incipiency, although it does not amount to much here; you ridicule an attempt to control crime in Chicago because yo in your infinite wisdom do not agree with the methods used. You editors are a disgrace to your fraternity.

In the olden times the OUTLOOK was square and broad in its treatments of matters in genera Your attitude in most matters for some tim has been sour, disgruntled, destructive, iconoclastic, critical. Little emanates from your contemptible sheet that is constructive, hopeful, o optimistic. Certainly reading your stuff puts m in a belligerent attitude.

CHARLES S. BAILEY.

Constructive Destruction

To the Editor: *Riverside, Calif.*

SIR—The writer has observed for several months the attitude of your publication on prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment, and law enforcement. Even the most casual reader will detect the fact that you place the defeat of prohibition, as it now stands in America, as one of the first objectives of your magazine. Furthermore, I have never found in the OUTLOOK any constructive policy toward temperance. From all that I am able to learn from what you write, I must conclude that your policy is to return alcoholic beverages by eliminating whatever regulation or restriction of them which now exists.

The return of alcoholic beverages in any form is unthinkable to anyone who knows anything about the physiological, moral, or economic effects of alcohol. In my opinion the policy of your publication is un-American, un-Christian, and unworthy of any magazine with the national standing of the OUTLOOK.

H. M. PIERCE, M.D.

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